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THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VISIT.

"WHAT has detained you so long?" said the fair, blue-eyed Alice, leaning affectionately on her father's arm, as he crossed the entrance-porch, on his return from the sessions.

"Business, important business, dear Alice," replied Mr. Marsdale, embracing his daughter.

"It seemed so strange not to see you for five long days. Everything looked lonely without your kind presence."

"Well, dear child, I sincerely trust there will be no further occasion for my leaving you again. Such expeditions suit me ill, both in mind and body; and, until my fragile health is quite restored, I will let alone what can be more willingly performed by others. Let me now inquire," continued Mr. Marsdale, "whether Gerald is returned from his visit to the mines, and what is become of Merrie?"

"Gerald is not returned from the mines as yet, and Master Merrie is down with the reapers."

Having received satisfactory answers to all his queries, Mr. Marsdale retired to take some rest—an indulgence he much needed after a long, wearisome journey of many miles.

Master Merrie, the usual companion of Mr. Marsdale, had on this occasion declined accompanying him to the sessions. He did not quite approve of the object that drew him there; he considered it uncalled for. He knew well that it was entirely at the instigation of his son, Humphrey, that this prosecution had been undertaken, and not from any wish of his own. Merrie was, therefore, determined not to encourage the private enmities of this young man by giving way to his solicitations to accompany him to the sessions. He had often perceived with regret the unfortunate influence Humphrey possessed over his indulgent parent, whose blind partiality fre-

quently threw a shade over the superior qualities of his elder son. Under these circumstances, Master Merris did his utmost to steer a middle course, and, by his judicious conduct, encouraging the one and conciliating the other, succeeded in promoting that degree of harmony which his kindly disposition loved to see reign at Tregona.

The day after Mr. Marsdale's return from the sessions, he intimated to his daughter his wish to delay no longer visiting the poor, injured man to whom he was so much beholden. Alice was pleased at this proposal. She was not only anxious of expressing her acknowledgments personally, but felt a little curiosity to see the individual whose courage she had so much reason to admire. Very little time was, therefore, lost in responding to her father's request, and they soon found themselves in the presence of the invalid.

He was seated in an easy chair, with his left arm bandaged up, the emaciated appearance of his countenance betraying the severity of the injuries he had received.

"I am come," said Mr. Marsdale, with great emotion, "to express a father's gratitude to the preserver of his child's life."

"I rejoice," replied the sick man, rising from his seat, "to have been able to restore happiness to an affectionate parent."

"Be seated," said Mr. Marsdale, kindly; then, taking Alice by the hand, presented her as the loved being he had snatched from destruction. Alice expressed her obligations as well as she could.

"Say no more," said the sick man, interrupting her. "The sight of your happy smile fully repays me, by the assurance that the eventful day has left no visible traces to recall its perils."

"None, good sir," but the regret at not seeing you in the same healthful condition."

"This occurrence," said Mr. Marsdale, drawing his chair closer, "has, in all probability, separated you from your friends," and occasioned them considerable uneasiness."

"Not exactly so," was the reply. "My home is one day here, and one day there, and my friends are fully sensible of the kind care taken of me; so that they are under no uneasiness on my account. I was sojourning for a time in the vicinity, when chance led me towards the spot where my humble services were happily put in requisition."

"Still," continued Mr. Marsdale, with some embarrassment, "your long confinement may have put you to some inconvenience in a pecuniary point of view. I hope you will not refuse this little token of my esteem and gratitude;" on saying which, he placed a heavy purse before him.

"Pardon me, honoured sir," said the sick man, gently moving the proffered gift from him; "my necessities do not exceed the extent of my own resources. I have already been amply repaid for my exertions by witnessing their fortunate results. Do not lessen the satisfaction I feel by offering me any lower reward. On the contrary, the unwearied attentions of your eldest son demand every expression of thanks on my part."

Mr. Marsdale, fearing he might offend more than please by persisting

in his offer, withdrew the purse, and, perceiving the good dame busy in her avocations as nurse, desired Alice to put the same into her hands, as a recompense for her care and attention.

Mr. Marsdale then proceeded to converse upon indifferent subjects till he considered it expedient to take his departure. On rising to do so, he took the disabled man by the hand, expressing his sincere wishes for his speedy recovery; and at the same time he bid him bear in mind, that should he ever find himself in a situation to need the assistance of a friend, he might rely on the services of him who could *never think he had done enough to mark his deep and lasting gratitude.*

This earnest request was uttered with so much feeling, that it was impossible not to credit its sincerity, and it was accordingly received with deep-felt acknowledgments.

"I never should have imagined," said Alice, when they had left the invalid's abode, "that that subdued, pallid visage belonged to the bold, adventurous man who ran such imminent risks to save a stranger."

"You should have recollected," replied Mr. Marsdale, "that several weeks of confinement and suffering are sufficient to prostrate the energies of the most stalwart frame, and that this has been the case in the present instance, it is easy to see. We must trust, however, that as the worst is over, he will soon regain that strength of body and nerve, of which we have had so noble a proof." And saying this he withdrew.

"Lend me your assistance, friend," said a young man, dismounting from his horse on the road side. "My stirrup is out of order, and I need more ingenuity than I possess, to make it do its duty, though but a few miles further."

"My services are at your command," was the reply of an elderly man, to whom the foregoing request was addressed, and who without loss of time set about adjusting the defect complained of.

Gerald Marsdale, for such the rider proved to be, finding more intelligence in his willing assistant than usually belonged to his class, entered into conversation with him. "Anything stirring in these parts?" inquired he; "an absence of a few weeks makes me a stranger to what may have occurred since I left."

"Nothing of a cheering character—quite the contrary," he replied.

"Ah! how so?" rejoined Gerald. "Have any unforeseen troubles visited you or yours?"

"I allude to no misfortunes of my own," replied the old man, "but to those which have befallen a good and kind master."

"To a good and kind master?" repeated Gerald, "and who may that be?"

"The same who at no distant period was lord of all the lands the eye commands from this high spot; but now, from circumstances of which I know but little, is proprietor only of yonder narrow tract near the sea."

"You do not mean Sir Algernon Trevillers?"

"I do," said the old man forcibly. "That good gentleman has within

the last ten days sustained a blow which has fallen heavily upon his house and fortune. Suspected of non-conformity to the state religion, he was summoned before the justices of the peace, assembled at quarter sessions, and, after a lengthy examination, he was convicted as a *recusant*, and loaded with many ruinous and grievous penalties."

"And who were the promoters of this affair?" said Gerald, as he slowly walked on, leading his horse by the bridle.

"The new man of these parts," was the reply. "The wealthy master of Tregona."

"The master of Tregona!—Mr. Marsdale!" exclaimed Gerald, in the utmost astonishment. "It surely was not he?"

"Yes," answered the old man, firmly; "it is to him and his son that my poor master is indebted for this cruel prosecution."

"And who were the witnesses brought forward?" said Gerald, after a short pause.

"There were several; amongst whom was Mr. Treverbyn, the minister of the parish."

Gerald lent an anxious ear to learn how his friend had acted under circumstances which he felt sure were distasteful to his natural feelings.

"Mr. Treverbyn," resumed the speaker, "showed a kindlier disposition towards the accused than I fear I should have given him credit for. And though he could not do otherwise than state that he had never seen Sir Algernon Trevillers, or any of his family, at the parish church on Sundays since their arrival at the Priory, he did so with evident reluctance."

"Quite like him," said Gerald, thoughtfully. "And how did it end, my good man?"

"It ended by my dear master, Sir Algernon, being saddled with the various penalties framed by parliament to crush recusancy."

"Wert thou present?" inquired Gerald.

"Yes, I was; and never shall I forget the withering glance Sir Algernon threw upon Mr. Humphry Marsdale, when that young man, elated with the turn the prosecution had taken, suggested that the person of the accused should be searched, in order to ascertain whether any paper or document found upon him might betray a connection with certain recent plots against the state. The unexpected production also of a *Rosary*,* found on his domain, was nigh bringing down upon him a *Præmunire*; but happily they were not able to trace the ownership to the accused."

"A *Rosary*!" said Gerald, abstractedly; "where was it discovered?"

"It had been picked up on the pathway near the Priory gate, and I suppose, to forward the ends of justice, delivered over to Mr. Sandford."

"Was the name of him who did so made known in court?"

"It was," replied the old man. "Mr. Marsdale's eldest son was said to have been that person; a circumstance which made my master look up

* "If any person bring into this realm any *Agnus-Dei*, crosses, pictures, beads, or such like superstitious things, etc. . . both the bringer and receiver shall incur a *Præmunire*."—(13th of Queen Elizabeth.)

with an air of surprise which I did not understand ; as it was no more than I should have expected from any member of that family."

The feelings of Gerald, on hearing the above incident, were considerably hurt. True it was, that he himself was the person who had picked up the "*Rosary*," and true it was that it was he had given it over to Mr. Justice Sandford ; but in so doing he was directed by motives very different from those attributed to him. The circumstance took place as follows : On his leaving Tregona, a few weeks previously, he had occasion to pass near the residence of Sir. Algernon Trevillers, when his eye fell upon a string of crystal beads lying on the foot-path, and, supposing them to belong to some inmate of the Priory, he felt inclined to restore them himself to the owner ; but being at the moment much pressed for time, and, seeing Mr. Sandford approaching, he placed the beads in his charge, requesting him to perform the charitable office for him, little dreaming that so trifling an incident might have proved so disastrous to Sir Algernon and his family. Had he entertained the slightest idea that the little object that had fallen in his way was anything more than an ornament for the person, he would not have allowed it to escape his custody.

Gerald and his companion had now reached a spot where the road branched off into different paths, the latter, making towards the one down which his course lay, made his respectful obeisance, and withdrew.

Left to himself, Gerald pondered over what he had heard, with mixed feelings of surprise and regret. As far as it concerned his brother, he was conscious he ought not to be astonished at any transaction emanating from so unforgiving a disposition. But that his father, his kind and benevolent father, should have permitted himself to be persuaded to take a leading part in this cruel business was a matter of deep sorrow to him. He was aware of the suspicions beginning to be generally entertained of Sir Algernon's non-conformity to the new faith. His complete seclusion and absence on every occasion from public business—his non-appearance at church strengthened these rumours. Still, such was the general urbanity of his deportment, and his unbounded liberality to the poor, that no one had hitherto felt willing to come forward and prosecute an inoffensive gentleman for disregarding laws, which, at the time of our narrative, were carried out with more severity than was thought necessary by many. Gerald felt no surprise that Sir Algernon had proved to be, what he had long suspected, an adherent of the old creed ; he had frequently thought such might be the case ; but to his father he had never alluded to the subject ; and, knowing well how little friendly feeling there existed between the parties since the sale of the estate, he was desirous of not prolonging the same, by referring to what he knew would inevitably do so. He little thought, whilst he was keeping, as he had imagined, the supposed religious opinions of Sir Algernon from his father's knowledge, that the latter should be privately making arrangements to indict him for the same, and that he alone had been kept in ignorance of such intentions ; and, although his absence from home might in some degree account for his knowing nothing

of the matter, he could not avoid thinking that the business had been purposely withheld from him, and he felt hurt at the idea.

Another circumstance connected with the affair tended to increase his annoyance, and this in a quarter he least desired. What would Sir Algernon's daughter think of him after his assurances of future amity and good will? What would she think of his saying that no motive beyond the ordinary duties of a magistrate had drawn his father to the quarter sessions? What deduction could she come to with respect to the discovered "Rosary?" Would she not consider him a foul hypocrite, and one whose word could not be relied on?

With these and such like unpalatable reflections, did Gerald Marsdale wend his slow and wearisome way towards the manor of Tregona.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAMILY SYMPATHIES.

THE detached building appertaining to the once splendid Priory of St. Andrew's, which had been appropriated by Sir Algernon Trevillers as a residence for himself and family, though denuded of almost every comfort, and scarcely proof against the inclemency of the weather, was, however, willingly endured, as being only a temporary shelter which their return to the Continent would soon render unnecessary. There, in the large apartment called the "Guest-room," Sir Algernon, surrounded by his family, loved to talk of the past, and dwell upon that ever-engrossing subject, the *Change of the Times*—a change which affected him in so many ways; keeping him aloof from those whose friendships he would gladly have cultivated, and, casting a cloud over his head, as one whose doings, whatsoever they might be, were of a suspicious character. Under such circumstances, his return to his native land had become more a matter of annoyance to him than one of satisfaction. It was, however, necessary that he should settle his entangled affairs, and when once that was accomplished, he was resolved to follow the example of his father, and expatriate himself for the rest of his days to a foreign clime.

The season was cold and dreary. The wind shook the loosened casements, and old Joseph was summoned to light up the long-neglected hearth with blazing faggots, round which drew together the inmates of the dwelling.

One seat, which had for several weeks remained vacant, was once more occupied: and though the occupier was much changed in appearance since last seen there, an expression of satisfaction beamed in his mild and pallid countenance, indicating the comfort he felt in finding himself again amidst those most dear to him.

But a few days had elapsed since the conclusion of the sessions, and the minds of those assembled were naturally bent upon the hardships the law had imposed.

"Where will it end?" said Sir Algernon, throwing himself into a chair, despondingly.

"End?" exclaimed his brother, the Reverend Francis Trevillers, "it will end, I trust, in the only way it should do, that of resignation to the will of Him who wills or permits, for his own wise and inscrutable ends, all things: the magistrates of the district have done no more than carry out the laws of the land. With what feelings they have done so, whether through conscientious motives, or those of a less worthy character, it is not our province to decide. We have only to view these proceedings as charitably as we can, and endeavour to submit ourselves to their decrees, hard and cruel as they seem, in remembrance of the revered cause which has called them forth."

"Oh, that I had your patience, good brother: it would bear me through many vexatious trials. I fear I have much to learn before I attain that humble mind which submits so willingly to the woes of this chequered life. I will read the different enactments which are to be put in force against me, and then you will be able to judge of the amount of endurance necessary to encounter such oppressions."

On saying which Sir Algernon selected some papers that were scattered on a table close by, and read as follows:

"Whereas, every person above sixteen years of age, who shall not repair to some church, chapel, or usual place of common prayer, being convicted thereof before the judge of assize, or justices of the peace, in their quarter sessions, shall forfeit twenty pounds a month: * one-third to the king, one-third to the maintenance of the poor of the parish, and one-third to him who shall sue in any court of record. If not paid in three months after judgment, he shall be imprisoned 'till he pay, or conform himself to go to church."—(Stat. 23 Elizabeth, cap. 1.)

"Now," resumed Sir Algernon, "by what means can I discharge this monthly fine? The produce of my remaining land is barely sufficient to cover the many claims upon it without this additional impost."

"It is, indeed, a heavy fine," said the Rev. Francis Trevillers, "but still we must do all we can to meet it. I have but little to offer towards its liquidation; but that little, whatever it may be, is at your service, dear brother."

"Take," exclaimed Urcella, scarcely waiting 'till the last speaker had concluded, "take, dear father, my treasured string of pearls, the gift of the good Knight of Malta. It will pay the forfeit twice or thrice, and render me happy beyond measure, to think I have been, though for the first time in my life, able to render you some small service."

"And my old casket of jewels," added Mistress Trevillers, "is ever, as you know well, at your command."

"I thank you both with all my heart," replied Sir Algernon, touched

* See Burn's Justice, 22nd edition, published in 1814.

by their ready and affectionate generosity, "I feel such kindness deeply, but I will not take advantage of it, by seeing you part with the few valuable articles you possess. As for you, brother," continued Sir Algernon, turning towards the Rev. Father, "I trust you are already well assured of the gratitude I owe you for more than one noble act of disinterestedness."

"Say nothing more," replied his brother, "but let us know the details of the other penalties imposed upon you."

"Well," continued Sir Algernon, "the next enactment places an embargo on my movements, and runs as follows."

"Every person above sixteen years of age, being a Popish Recusant, and having any certain place of abode, who being convicted for not repairing to some church or chapel, or usual place of common prayer, to hear Divine Service there, but forbearing the same, contrary to law, shall within forty days after conviction repair to his usual dwelling and shall not remove, above five miles from thence, unless he be licensed as hereinafter directed on pain of forfeiting his goods, also to the Crown his lands during life, unless they be customary or copyhold, and then to the Lord of the Manor." [The 35th of Queen Elizabeth, ch. 1., s. 5. 11.]

"By this statute," continued Sir Algernon Trevillers, "I must in future confine myself within the miserable limits of five miles round my house; and should I pass these limits, I forfeit all my goods, etc.....!! And to whom am I indebted for this unreasonable restriction? To him, alas! who, to indulge the wild, vindictive whims of a hot-headed son, has gone out of his ordinary passive way to indict me for no other offence than the remaining faithful to the old creed of my country, and by which cruel indictment he has sown the seeds of future desolation to me and mine."

"Nay, brother," rejoined the Rev. Father, rising from his seat, with evident uneasiness at the strong and excited manner in which Sir Algernon uttered the last few words. "Let us not throw away this occasion of marking our readiness to bear these evils for the sake of *Him* who bore so much for us. We have only to take an insight into the several gaols of the country, and there behold men pent up in great misery for conscience sake, to make these our annoyances light indeed."

"It is the knowledge of the existence of such suffering men that makes me dwell with so much apprehension upon the results of my conviction. Not on my account, God knows, but on *thine*, dear brother."

"Think not of me," said the Rev. Father; "my path lies straight before me, and follow it I must, let the consequences be what they may. I will, however, pledge my word to shun all unnecessary risks whatsoever, and to use the utmost caution in my minutest proceedings. I trust, therefore, I have little to fear. Our few dependents are faithful and trustworthy, and my assumed character of family-steward will lull all suspicion respecting my person. Let us then try and be glad that matters are no worse, and more than that, let us be grateful for what we still enjoy. What say you, dear sister?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Mistress Anne Trevillers, endeavouring to assume a smiling countenance, notwithstanding the misgivings which involuntarily rushed to her mind, and brought tears to her eyes. "We will do our best to feel satisfied with our present condition."

"Let us drop the subject altogether," said Sir Algernon. "It signifies little to be dwelling upon matters which only pain the mind instead of fortifying it. Our sojourn in this desolate place will not, I think, be long. As soon as my friend Davis shall have wound up my affairs to our mutual satisfaction, we will take leave of St. Andrew's Priory for the Continent." A willing assent was given to this announcement by two of the hearers, the third remaining silent. Of this Sir Algernon took no notice, but desired Urcella to reach him down from an oaken shelf the splendid book of the Gospels which her uncle had brought from his college beyond the seas. After examining its improved type, he dwelt upon the labour which would have been spared the monks of St. Andrew's, and other monasteries, had the ingenious Faust favoured the world with his presence some centuries sooner; for to whom," continued Sir Algernon, "were our forefathers indebted for a sight of the holy Scriptures, before the discovery of the art of printing? to no other than to those calumniated monks who, retired within their peaceful cells, passed a portion of each day in transcribing manuscripts and taking copies of the Bible, thus affording, by their manual labour with the pen, a blessing which could not otherwise have been obtained.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INN.

On the margin of an extensive moor stood a solitary inn, and, though but indifferent accommodation could be expected in so isolated a place, still its existence had often proved welcome to those who, worn out with the toils of a rough day's journey, sought shelter and repose.

The road near which it stood was not much frequented, consequently it was rare that any bustle or excitement prevailed at the little hostelry. An exception, however, to this usual quiet routine was perceptible one evening.

The glimmering light that never failed to throw its tiny beams through the chequered panes of the host's kitchen-window, seemed on this night to be multiplied, and darting an infinity of rays from every casement of the building. The watch-dog was running to and fro, in a state of unusual agitation, and other domestic movements gave signs of the arrival of strangers. Such was in truth the case. Two travellers, proceeding in

* In the reign of Edward I., it is on record that a fairly written copy of the whole Scriptures was worth three hundred pounds, a sum worth infinitely more in those days than at present.

the same direction, though totally unconnected with one another, had that night knocked for admittance at the portal of the little inn.

The good master of the house, assisted by his uncouth, but willing daughter, made every exertion to afford accommodation to the newly arrived. The best and trimmest things the place afforded were put into requisition, and, after some little delay, fires and refreshments saw the two travellers settled for the night in their separate apartments. He that arrived first was a man somewhat advanced in years, but hale and active. He retired early to rest, requesting only to be awakened before day-light, that he might proceed on his journey in the morning. The other traveller was young, and of a comely form and countenance. His habiliments were of a costly character, but somewhat travel-stained and worn. A look of impatience was observable in his demeanour, whilst his blood-shot eyes betrayed a love of nightly orgies.

Alone in his room, he sat stretched out before the fire, fixing his gaze upon the dull embers as if he were tracing out their fanciful forms: but he saw nothing—his absent mind was running over past losses at the gaming-table—chances—miscalculations—loaded dice—and such like unsatisfactory reminiscences, till, starting up, as if some sudden impulse summoned him from his seat, he approached the window, and, throwing it open, looked out at the impenetrable darkness. The night air was cold, and the breeze blew his auburn locks across his face, but he heeded it not; it appeared to refresh him, and he remained some minutes in the same position: when, returning mechanically to his former seat, he resumed his musings. At length, the inward pourings of his mind seemed to become too strong for him, and, again rising, he struck his forehead, exclaiming, in bitter accents of self-reproach: "What matters it where I go, or what becomes of me! ruined! penniless!—the victim of villains deeper than myself—no friends—no one to care for me. One more appeal will I make, but it shall be the last; if that fail, by Heaven! there is but one alternative." Startled at this moment by the unexpected entrance of the anxious host, he flung his cloak upon a pair of pistols lying on the table.

"Bring more wood, and then leave me alone," said the young man, impatiently.

The order was obeyed: and, whilst the old man was piling up the unwieldy logs in the chimney corner, the stranger made inquiry whether any one was staying at the inn besides himself?

"One person only," was the reply; and him we shall soon lose, as he takes his departure at day-break."

"Ah!" said the young man, thoughtfully, "takes his departure at day-break—travels he alone?" (a new and daring scheme flashing across his troubled mind.)

"Yes, he does," said the old host, "and I could not help expressing my surprise at his doing so, taking him to be a man of quality; but he said he had sent on his attendant as unnecessary, expecting to reach his home on the morrow. I also took the liberty to observe that the roads were not safe after dark, that bad men were about, and that he might be

robbed ; but he smiled at my fears, saying, that a stout heart, and a strong arm had done him service more than once."

"Young as well as strong, no doubt," rejoined the stranger, with seeming indifference.

"Young he is not. I would wager my holiday beaver that he has seen more summers than I have, but toil and spare living has not rendered him meagre as it has done me."

"Travels unarmed, did you say?"

"So I should imagine," replied the host, "from his referring to his muscular strength, in case of need."

"And leaves by day-break?" continued the young man, carelessly throwing a log on the fire. "Which way is he bound?"

"He said something of taking the upper road across the moor ; but if he starts at the early hour he proposes, he may have some difficulty in keeping the right track, as there are no embankments to mark the way, a dead level spreads far and near."

"Leave me now," said the young man, "and have a care that my horse be duly attended to, for I shall also require it by times, and it will have many miles to go during the course of the day."

"Have no fear," replied the old man, as he closed the door, "I will see to it myself."

The young man being now again left alone, was soon absorbed in the guilty project that had rushed across his mind. He sat motionless for several seconds, his eyes steadily fixed on the floor ; then, suddenly rising up, he paced the room to and fro in a state of great perturbation, whilst his folded arms and compressed lips gave expression to the struggles that were contending for the mastery in his troubled breast. Should he, or should he not, plunge into the desperate deed !! What, if he failed ?—but why should he fail ?—he had other helps besides those of youth and activity to rely on, and his eyes glanced towards the table on which lay his pistols. "But," continued he, muttering to himself, "who would have thought that I could have brought myself to this ! I, who was tutored to every virtue, to every honorable feeling, now to become a villain of the deepest dye ! What may this hand be guilty of before it sees again the light of day ! My attempt is a desperate one, but the die is cast, and on will I go, though I pay the forfeit of my life for the experiment. So here is success to the undertaking !" Upon saying which he filled a flagon to the brim, and drank off its contents, the stimulating quality of the draught corresponding with the nature of the toast ; and having repeated the same more than once, he sank, overpowered with the fatigues of body and mind, into a deep sleep ; and here, with his weary head lying on the table, we will leave him to his temporary repose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE POETRY OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

In treating of Mr. Smith's poetry, we shall confine our observations to his newest composition, "Edwin, of Deira," as that work is admitted to be the greatest effort of his powers—

"As built
With second thought, reforming what was old;
For what poet, 'after better, worse would build?'"

It is nevertheless a poem which, that the author was competent to undertake, we shall neither affirm nor deny. He does not call it epic, neither ought the critic. When a plain, poetic narrative is ushered into criticism, with the pretentious title of "Epic Poem," the author is gibed, and all the public ear "rankly abused." Love in a palace, before a vale of primroses, and under skies of marigold, notwithstanding some seasoning of adventure, contains little of the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey." The genius of the author inclines rather to the pastoral, and the amorous, and the connubial. It is, therefore, questionable as to whether he was judicious in selecting a theme from one of those stirring periods of the world whence great bards drew rich materials for poetic song—a period when men did not sit down to think profoundly, and rise up to do nothing; but when they were always up and doing, without ever thinking at all. The scene is laid in England, amid the Saxons of the Heptarchy, early in the seventh century. The kingdom of Deira comprised the whole of North Britain, from the Forth to the Humber, and from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea, and included the present counties of York, Lancashire, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland. The death of the famous Ælla, when his son, Edwin, was but three years' old, left to the turbulent Ethelbert, or Edelfrid, the possession of this powerful kingdom. From that day the utter extinction of the unhappy Edwin, the *Prince Imperial* of a former reign, was "an aim and an attainment." To afford shelter to Edwin was to secure the wrath of Ethelbert. The fear of his name armed the obdurate breast of Saxon and Briton, Pagan and Christian, with stubborn resistance to Edwin, "as with triple steel." It was the flight of David up the Mountain of Olives, with scarce a friend to console, but with many a Semei to play the reviler and to cast the stone. At length Redwald, the King of East Anglia, remembering the friendship which had formerly subsisted between him and the father of the young prince, espoused the cause of the latter, and here begins the poem.

Mr. Smith is polished without learning, and consistent without appropriate imagery. Though feeble in conception, and devoid of *characterization*, his heroes and incidents frequently interest us; and, though often infelicitous in illustration, his poetry rejoices in a flowing and ornate rhetoric. His style differs from that of Mr. Tennyson only as two sisters. Like the latter, he is a great artificer of words; but, with greater warmth, he wants the precision and philosophical energy of his master, and sometimes

when he fires himself, youthful indiscretion begins to assume its primitive sway, and he is again in danger of being spasmodic. At these unlucky moments a king has "a mighty thirst to be alone"—a child becomes "a helpless thing, *omnipotently* weak,"—tears break on a man's cheek "*stormily crimson*," as the light that burns "upon the bellied, wry-necked, thunder-cloud,"—and the soul is transformed into "a broad-disked flower at gaze on battle's sun." Oliver Goldsmith once said that Macpherson, by the mere force of style, had written down the greatest poet of antiquity. Mr. Smith sees something in this. He seems to be that kind of poet who rests his great achievement on the triumph over the difficulties of poetic diction, but who has not yet completed his studies. He is a colourist in heart and soul, and cares less about what he has to say than about the manner in which he intends to express it. It is rather remarkable, considering the impatience of readers of the present day, that many of our recent poets, whilst they attempt to distil a delicious essence from all the flowers of rhetoric, often admit an admixture of the sediment, or lees, into the decoction. They grind the chaff and straw with the golden grain to produce what they deem a more natural kind of food. They are of opinion that metal ore must be more durable which contains an admixture of the dross. Mr. Smith must be declared by the critical physician, as suffering from this "last infirmity of noble minds." Although burning to soar like the "bird of Jove," and look the meridian sun straight in the face, still he is ever mindful of "the art of sinking," to which he has dexterously accommodated "the steerage of his wings." He is seemingly afraid of being too sublime, and delights in an undulatory movement, between poetry and prose, as if to suit all kinds of readers. But the *die* is cast for him—he is a *modernist*. He holds out for progress, and commits his fame to the caprice of the age. He does not respond because the Laureate, with a deep learning, a trained intellect, and a scorching style, is already in possession of the field; it is, nevertheless, unfortunate for him that he can scarcely move without knocking his head against Mr. Tennyson in the dark. But he is a *modernist*, and is ever true to his profession. He is a child of nature, that is, of such as "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," including the vegetable kingdom. He is pastoral and homely in his speculations. His hero bows down in grief, not like some mighty oak, "loaded with stormy blasts," or a stately tower undermined, but like "the bulrush when the stream runs swift with rain."

The same hero, in gorgeous apparel, is not "like the autumnal star when it rises in all its beauty from the waters of the ocean," nor even like the sun or rising morn, but "like some gay kingfisher." His hunters, "close like a clump of primroses," and part "like pearls upon a string." He is a gentle spirit, who loves a bask in the noontide sun, "disporting there like any other fly," an intellectual reveller who, with a gushing heart, roams amid woods and meadows, wild flowers, birds, and waterfalls, and "sings his fill." Like all men of genius, Mr. Smith often catches a train of thought which harmonizes with his own peculiar style and manner, and in that happy run he passes many sentiments and images founded on a close observance of nature and human life, which are to our mind exceedingly

refreshing, on account of their rare kind of beauty. The uneasiness and uncertainty often experienced after a sudden deliverance from a great calamity are thus pictured in one of his rural similes :—

“For each heart,
Like some frail bough from which an evil bird
Had fled on dusky wings at step and shout,
Was trembling even yet.”

And that April smile, ever “suddening through pleasure’s gleam,” the twilight of remembered joys and disappointed hopes, is thus feelingly described :—

“And his smile
Put all in memory of those days in spring,
With sunshine covered, but whose sunniness
Fortells an earlier coming on of tears
Than even gloom itself.”

The author justly regards love as a real blessing, and dwells with much complacency on the various stages of its development, for many excellent lessons in which we must refer the susceptible reader to the work itself.

In his mode of treating his subject, Mr. Smith betrays no inordinate ambition. All epic pomp in matter, manner, and style, is regarded with a pastoral indifference. In this respect he is a staunch *modernist*. No hero addresses another in the *Ton & Apameibomenos* style; a king in accosting his seven sons uses no more courtly term than the plain vernacular “*lads*.” The author wishes to appear innocent of all profound research in the sayings and doings of the early Saxons, and emphatically eschews all historical and topographical allusions whether as aids to variety and harmony of colour, or as useful accessories in the background of his picture to “make it racy of the soil,” by which the reader might more easily recognise the figures of the subject and the scene. No once-famous Britnalda is recalled into life from his resting-place, Ælla, Ida, Ceawlin are let sleep, the names of Hengist and Horsa are no longer watchwords with the inheritors of their thrones. There is no acknowledgment of the vanquished Briton in pity or contempt, no trace of the departed Romans. The poet has advertised for a hero, on whom might rest some elegant apotheosis, some beautiful similes, some common-place aphorisms, some indiscreet metaphors; and Edwin of Deira is chosen in preference to any one of the “Seven Champions of Christendom,” simply, because he happens to be the first applicant. There is, therefore, no studied dramatic effect, no manoeuvring for exciting situations, no striking contrasts in character, scenery, or incident, no violent emotion, nor breathless suspense, no straining of the possible or the probable. The dramatic effect of the opening scene is intentionally marred by having it placed too far from the introductory lines, and by its being preceded by some minor adventures, and the prating of a garrulous page. The passage we allude to, one of the finest in the poem, describes the sudden appearance of Edwin by night, at the court of King Redwald, after the loss of a great battle with Ethelbert. It exhibits much of the energy of

Mr. Smith's poetry; the imagery, being, for the most part, well chosen, and all the circumstances of description elegantly expressed. If we consider Edwin's speech on the occasion, too made up and artificial for a man in distress, and rather resembling what might be supposed to have been composed on him by some poet, we must remember that our orator was schooled in that way-worn adversity which procures a man time and talent to be eloquent on the subject of his own wrongs. Being admitted into the great hall where the feast is set, Edwin is met by the smoky glare and gloom of "guttering torches," the snarling of dogs, upstarting from their masters' stools, and the stare of a hundred bearded faces burning with mead, and from the dais, the eye of the great King of East Anglia himself, who sat entertaining his guests in this rude but picturesque fashion. Upon being asked his business, Prince Edwin thus begins:—

"One who has brothered with the ghostly bats,
That skim the twilight on their leathern wings,
And with the rooks that caw in airy towns;
One intimate with misery: who has known
The fiend that in the hind's pinched entrail sits,
Devising treason and the death of kings—
Famine, the evil visaged that once faced,
There is no terror left to scare a man,
Though my associates are the horrible shapes
That press on dying eyes in wildernesses,
Though they must stare unclosed; this hand I stretch
Is native to the sceptre, knows its touch
Familiarly as thine, though hunted like
Some noisome beast, that when it steals abroad
The cry spreads, and the village rises up,
With sticks and stones to kill it: I have seen,
When I but oped my mouth, men look as if
It thundered in the air? As from a crag
That rises sheer from out the fresh-blown surge,
Up springs a smoke of sea-fowl, puff on puff,
Until the air is dark with countless wings,
And deaf with plumy clangour. From the feast
Broke laughter. When it ceased, the smiling king
With the intruder played. 'Whence comest thou?
What king art thou? Where doth thy kingdom lie?
In earth or air? And if indeed a king,
Though ne'er stood king in such unkingly plight,
Why hast thou been so strangely companied
By midnight and the owls?' Then Edwin cried—
'O, list fell hunger and the mountain wind
To the loud bruit of fed prosperity,
That never can be neighboured with distress!
No height so high but you can fall from it.
Earth counts ten graves for every living man—
A single scroll contains our victories;
But 'tis a dreary volume that the names
Of our defeats o'erflow. I was a king.'"

The conclusion of Edwin's speech leads to the discovery that he is the son of Egbert, or Ælla, who had been the friend and associate of Red-

wald; and accordingly the prince is received with acclamation, and seated at the right hand of Redwald, amid his seven sons, there to taste the "blessed mead,"

"That climbs, in heated reveller, to the brain,
And sits there, singing songs;"

while the minstrels all the time are chanting of—

"Kings who walked
In the gray dawn and morning like of time;"

and there also partakes of a repast, which, although somewhat too pompously garnished in the description, is very poetical, and of delicious flavour. Do we not recognise in this grotesque, but interesting scene, without, however, the accusation of plagerism, something of Milton's "Comus"—something of Keat's "Endymion," combined with the silky finish of Tennyson in his lucky moments? while, at the same time, it recalls the hospitable hall of the good Cedric, the Saxon, which the genius of Scott unlocked to the disinherited Ivanhoe, to afford him that enviable interview with the dainty-cheeked Rowena. The next day Edwin catches a glimpse of Bertha, the light of the palace, who arose—

"With the dawn, and like another dawn,
But fairer;"

which is an inferior copy of the old ballad line, which we quote from memory:

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emilie;"

or Milton's "Raphael," who seemed

"Another morn risen on mid-noon;"

which is an improvement on some Italian poet whom we cannot at present recall. The *debut* of the unconscious beauty is described in a series of lines which it would be blunt discourtesy to omit:—

"In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
Is dipped in dungeon-gloom. And Redwald called,
And at the call she through the chamber came,
And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
Against his breast. He clasped his withered hands
Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking flower
To make its perfect beauty visible,
Then kissed her mouth and cheek."

A dull, common-place, and elaborate diplomatic interview which now ensues between Edwin and the king had better been omitted. It is said

to have been to Edwin "a painful interview;" it happens to be the very same to the reader. The argument floats for some time on the dangerous tide of philosophy, and finally runs aground on the most barren simile we have ever witnessed; for, when Edwin brings the painful interview to an end, he is compared to a man

"That brings a painful interview to end;"

and some time after, by a similar inspiration, when he hears good news, he is said to be

"Like one who has already heard *the news*."

This strange mode of comparison, which would seem intended to prove that there is nothing so like the thing itself, and that, after all, there is nothing so *natural as nature*, is only paralleled by the flat advice which Redwald in another part of the story gives his intended son-in-law:—

"Be wise, be wise, yet be not overwise,
Plot like an old man, execute like youth."

The following advice of a certain worthy "parish doctor," with the addition of good humour, contains as good counsel:—

• "Arrah, Paddy, says he, you're a comical elf;
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."

In the meantime, Regnor, the king's son, and Edwin, between whom an indissoluble friendship ensues, returning from a stag-hunt, discover that the king has been tampered with, that Ethelbert's intrigues have prevailed at court, and that unhappy Edwin can only save his life by flight. The scene which follows is an admirable instance of Mr. Smith's improved style, and has been very artistically managed. The unhappy prince, wrapping himself in his cloak, sat on a stone, a bow-shot from the palace-gate, brooding over the multitude of his misfortunes, till, "in the dreary middle of the night, the late moon rose," and already

"He felt upon him breathe on icy wind,
And, with an unknown terror, every hair
From heel to scalp arise; then looking up
He saw, in that lone place, a dark-robed man
Stand like a pillar in the setting moon;
And at the sight Prince Edwin's heart stood still."

"What man art thou that sitt'st on the cold stone
When every bird, its head beneath its wing,
Is sound asleep upon the forest bough?"

"It matters little where I sleep o' night."

"I know thy name, and why thou sittest here;
I saw thee sleeping on the naked ground,
With but a rainy sky for coverlet,

I know thy story and the things thou fear'st ;
 What wouldst thou give if I turned Redwald's heart,
 And made him draw the sword in thy defence ?

' I have not much, but I would give thee all.'

' What, if I clothe thy limbs with mightiness ?
 What, if in few days, when thou tak'st the field,
 Beneath thine ancient banner wide displayed,
 I give thee spoil and captives ? If I give
 Her soft voice to thine ear, her lips to thine,
 Her white arms to thy neck ?'

' O, mock not so
 My sharp distress ! for any good I'll be
 Most assuredly grateful.'

' If I build
 Thy throne secure against the blows of time,
 If I send *teachers that will teach thee more*
 Of the dark world that lies beyond the grave
 Than if thy father's ghost did speak to thee ?'

" Here he laid his hand on Edwin's head,
 When next this sign upon thy body comes,
 The promise thou hast given me, remember."

" And lo ! before the prince could utter word,
 The moon had fallen and the man had gone."

We believe the above passage, although containing much prose, to be the highest effort of Mr. Smith's muse ; considered in an artistic view, it is very poetical ; for it is by the second appearance of the apparition, reminding Edwin of his promise, that the latter is converted to Christianity long after his restoration to the kingdom of Deira, and thus, the union of two different subjects is effected in the one poem.

Morning comes and with it the happy intelligence of the utter failure of Ethelbert's intrigue at the court of King Redwald. His bribes and threats are equally rejected, and the nobler part is chosen at the instigation of "a chitlings tears."

" A lily thrown into the trembling scale,
 The heavier only by some dewy drops."

In short, Edwin owes his deliverance to the irresistible persuasions of his incomparable Bertha ; Redwald, now confesses the ungenerous councils which cowardice and Mammon had been devising within his breast, and in memory of the friendship which had formerly subsisted between him and Edwin's father, he forthwith institutes a Glanco-diamedian exchange, not in the proportion of nine to nine hundred oxen, as that which took place on the Trojan plain, but in the incalculable disproportion of nothing to a kingdom. He invites him to take his sons, his towns, his horses, arms, and goodly men, and to clothe himself in his kingdoms strength. But love

all-pervading, all-subduing, is the great motive of these strange conclusions. And now Edwin encouraged by the promises of the apparition, which are already partly fulfilled, and sure of recovering his kingdom, boldly demands of Redwald the idol of his soul to share it with him; The old king consents, and rejoices in the hope of a regal posterity; but before this blissful consummation can take place, we have the "lords of battle" with the caparisoned steed, the plumed helmet, and the streaming banner put in motion, to restore Edwin to his throne. The description of the army going out to battle is truly poetical:

"Then, as the army moved
Onward, like thunder's corrugated gloom,
Rolling o'er desert hills, *with fire reserved*
For other lands, the wistful hearts and eyes
Of those within the silent palace left
Hang on its dusty rear."

In the battle which is described by a messenger, Reyne falls, and his death and obsequies, which are feelingly described, seem, with great art to sustain the interest of the poem at a critical point. In the meantime Edwin sets out for his kingdom of Deira, and his reception there gives rise to a scene, which, naturally falling in like the passage last quoted, with the peculiar bent of Mr. Smith's intellect and mode of expression, rises to that level of poetic elevation which is worthy of any poet. When an author discourses those emotions which harmonise most strongly with the workings of his own soul, he cannot fail to write with all the power and pathos of genuine inspiration. There is no style, even a bad one, for which there cannot be found in nature or imagination, a scene or train of thought so naturally analogous, that the combination, like the junction of the sun and moon, is sure to raise the tidal wave of poetry far above the ordinary level, and make even meretricious eloquence disarm criticism for a while, and seem to wear the chastest ornaments of a classic model. We do not mean to charge Mr. Smith with many grave defects of style; but the reader, after having read the following lines, as well the beautiful passage above quoted, cannot fail to observe that the poet's evil genius, which is ever leading him by the false glitter of imagery and inflated expressions, up to the "bellied, wry-necked thunder-clouds" of bombast, has inadvertently placed him upon the top of Parnassus. It has, of late, become fashionable to borrow similes from sculpture and architecture; but we have seen few of such to equal the subjoined passage, in which the mother of Edwin comes forth to meet him, from a "grief that brooked no fellowship,"

"With aspect unsubdued by woe—nay, raised
Like something smit by heaven's fire, and more
Majestic in its ruin than its prime."

Whilst the people fall back in simple reverence,—

"Tall she stood,
Like some old Druid pillar by the sea,
Whose date no legend knows, with all its strength"

Eaten by foam-flakes, and the arrowdy salts,
Blown blighting from the east, and wildly gazed
Upon the blackened ruins of her home."

The resuscitation of Edwin's kingdom and the "hauling home" of the bride, "with a score of lusty knights," through the wild hills and woods, in the very depth of pleasant May, when every hedge was milky white, to place her on a throne, amid the blessings and acclamations of a people, contain some good poetry; but are followed by a paradise of love, an abortive attempt at assassination, and a most wonderful conversion to Christianity, into none of which things we consider it necessary to enter, and would wish that the conversion to Christianity had long since been interwoven with the subject, and that the poem had concluded with the establishment of Edwin in his kingdom of Deira. We here recognise a complete poetic action containing some love romance, a good instance of youthful friendship, some attempt at portraiture of character, and a machine or supernatural agent, all of which have their proper weight in the working out of the *denouement*. But the poet should have concluded here. By doing so he would have timely cut short the mawkish sentimentality of two lovers whose endless babbling of "soft nothings" and endearing absurdities, even matrimony itself is not able to cure. He would also have spared us the infliction of several nursery rhymes incidental to the fondling and cradling of young Regnor, for which business, by the way, the poet, (we know not whether he is a married man or not,) seems to entertain a stern partiality. There is always great beauty in saying precisely as much as is necessary and no more. There are few occasions on which verbosity is not tiresome and *out of place*. We feel that even the stupid little judge had sound sense on his side when he cut short the imperturbable witness Sam Weller in the redundant illustrations of his feelings, by interposing, "You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir, it's not evidence."

We admire the man who levels his adversary by a single blow, and the author who conveys to us the pith of his argument by a few powerful strokes of the pen. Unnecessary appendages are religiously avoided by experienced masters in poetry and the arts. The trained intellect loves to display the force of its conception in one bold and perfectly harmonized development. He is a trifling painter who, when he can attain his end by breadth of light, variegates his canvass by a diversity of lights and shades. He would be a mean architect who would divide the dome of St. Peter's into a number of ornamented cupolas. To the inexperienced, the irregular, the many-sided, the richly-ornamented, looks magnificent; the colossal seems diminished by its proportions. "Enter, its grandeur overwhelms thee not." But as long as mankind acknowledge a strong appreciation of the laws of harmony, the æsthetic rules of the ancients must remain in high repute. A poetic action must have a cause, a resistance, and an effect. A poem must be one and not two. Something must be proposed to the imagination, and all minor details and accessories must be rendered subordinate to one great design. When men propose to

execute anything which is necessary or important, they proceed on the supposition that they are logical reasoners; the reasonable is the natural. Such is the law of a picture, a poem, a garden, a building, a game, a pleasure tour, a campaign, and is perfectly natural in contradistinction to every-day life, which is disorderly and unnatural.

"Order is heaven's first law." Unity of action, or the strict adaptation of means to an end as the sure system of all occasions which do not conduce thereto, seems to be the culminating point of every noble act which interests the human mind. It is perceptible in nature throughout all her completions. To man constituted as he is, it is a great beauty and a great necessity. It is equally important to the builder of a house and of a kingdom, to a sculptor, an architect, a leader of armies, or a maker of speeches, a painter, a writer, a poet. It is the *ultima thule* of every comprehensive genius, who navigates the ocean of life for interest or glory. Even the self-taught Shakespeare, amid the exuberance of his own wit and the crowded circumstances of the romantic drama, was deterred, by the force of his understanding and common sense, from introducing unnecessary scenes into his multifarious composition. But this beautiful principle may be taken in a more complete signification, so as to afford the poet an opportunity of laying hold on some external but adjacent circumstance of great dignity, which, with all the interest of imperishable charms, he may, by a cunning art, inseparably unite with the main action of his poem. By such a happy contract, the poet brings to the hero whom he wishes to glorify, a dowry of inexhaustible wealth, which the waste of ages cannot consume. Thus, Virgil has so completely identified the fortune of Rome with that of his hero, that we can never read the *Æneid* without feeling strongly interested in the destiny of the noblest and mightiest power the world ever saw. He has thrown into the balance, as a counterpoise to the neglect or indifference of all times to come, the weight of an empire, "to which the gods had assigned no limits." In the minds of his countrymen, this epic stroke of art must have placed Virgil beyond all praise. It lent to his exquisite picture a background of awful depth and magnificence, and established its claim on the human mind as "a thing of beauty," which is "a joy for ever." Homer rests the fate of Troy on the life of Hector so satisfactorily, that when that hero falls we feel that Ilium is no more, and an Asiatic empire is drawn at the chariot of Achilles in his wrath, which is the subject. Milton has beautifully interwoven—the redemption with the fall of man. It would be unfair to test Mr. Smith's poem by the examples of the great epic models which we have mentioned, particularly as the poem in question was not intended to be anything more than a simple narrative; neither is it necessary that the fate of empires and worlds should be added to point the interest of a poetic performance.

But, as history informs us that Edwin's wife had embraced Christianity before her marriage, a struggle of conscience might have been hot at work in Edwin's breast early in the poem, through the influence of Bertha and the apparition. In the dull passage of the woods, on his way home, the finishing of Edwin's conversion by the mere appearance of the apparition, might

have been effected. Caifi, who set out to meet him with his Heathen priests, might have been enrolled at the same time under the banner of the cross, and thus freedom and Christianity might have entered at the one moment into the kingdom of Deira. Perhaps, to expect this would be to require too much from Mr. Smith. A comprehensive view of the subject, combined with a rich poetic fancy in the working out of details, is a perfection which few can reach. One writer produces a plot which all the wits of Attica cannot fault, but which the world would feel it an infliction to peruse. Another luxuriates in the golden current of a copious fancy, but wanting the master spirit, he loses the method of his thoughts.

The former is a dull schoolman, who knows the way to greatness, but has not the soul to reach it; the latter, an erratic genius, who conveys to us a confused idea of something illustrious. With neither of these do we class the author of "Edwin of Deira." He has a peculiar method in his poetry. His poem contains two subjects, but they are closely and curiously connected. The model which he has imitated, whether consciously or not, belongs to a different art, but it is a sublime one. Raphael, in his picture of the Transfiguration, represents the Saviour suspended in the air between Moses and Elias, in an admirable pyramidal form, with the apostles cowering on the mountain top beneath the insufferable light. But this was too purely abstracted, and wanted the human element to reflect fear and admiration on the beholder; so he depicts an excited multitude surrounding the base of the mountain. But here are two subjects equally in the foreground, and how are they to be joined? Raphael places an old man amongst the awe-struck multitude, who holds a maniac boy in his arms, and pointing to the Transfiguration above, seems to cry out: *Behold the living fountain of grace, thence comes his cure.* This is truly sublime. It powerfully reflects on the soul that agitation which is inseparable from the thought of beholding any of the wonders of the world above. And although it may be questioned as to whether the multitude, in their amazement at the sight of the Transfiguration, would have noticed the old man and the maniac boy at all still, the mind feels the full triumph of art, and delights in contemplating the immense dramatic interest which each of the two subjects, thus joined, reflects on the other. Now, it is precisely this which the author of "Edwin, of Deira" has done: for the spiritual being which appeared to Edwin, when bowed down with grief before the palace of Redwald, promising him victory, and, at a future time, the knowledge of the dark world beyond the grave; the same now appears, near the close of the poem, when the subject of Christianity is agitated, to remind Edwin of his promise, and to command him to receive Paulinus, with the religion of the cross. Whether this stroke of art has been used by any writer of fiction, we cannot remember, so we congratulate Mr. Smith on its ingenious application, or, perhaps, discovery. We confess, however, that its effect is not so happy in the poem as in the picture: for, in the latter, the two subjects can be viewed at a glance, whilst in the former, although artistically united, they must be read in detail, and the unity of action is not so naturally and poetically obtained as it would have been by the more simple method which

we have pointed out. With these remarks, we take leave of "Edwin, of Deira," a poem which is faulty on principle, but whose defects, if weighed against its beauty by an admirer of the kind of poetry to which it belongs, would, in the impartial exercise of sound judgment, upward fly and "kick the beam."

L.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

WEEDS, outcast children, fondlings of the year,
 Delicate lovelinesses of the earth;
 Guests of the east, and west, and south, and north,
 For every wind of heaven doth bring ye forth,
 Purple, or white, or sere;
 Wee winkers by the swallow-troubled pool,
 Faint stars that twinkle deep in river sedge;
 Or where the granite lifts his forehead cool,
 Seamed round with crack and ledge;
 Moist dwellers upon barren shores,
 Where tawn tides palpitate to rocking oars;
 On iron beaches, where the long surge roars
 Pitiless tumult, and the ships go down,
 With bright masts slanted in destroying storms.
 Wherever Spring hath dropped her budding crown,
 On shore, or hill, or lea;
 There glimmer forth innumerable rare forms,
 Sweet spirits, there are ye!
 Too many reeds have dittied to the rose,
 Too many carols to the lily flung;
 And ye are still unsung!
 Oh! sick of pleasaunces and solemn urns,
 Of yew-gloomed gardens, terraces, and paths,
 Slid betwixt shadows of unhealthy palm;
 Come, where the primrose flames along the burns,
 Where celandine blows dank in meadow baths,
 And coltsfoot twinkles in the nut-woods calm,
 Till holy reverence grows,
 Into a perfect passion; and my soul,
 Delivered up to beauty, shall evoke
 An echo from the oak,
 A silver whisper from the lime tree's bole.

O wizard January, who dost clap
 Thine ice palms through the wakening of the year;
 While yet the Christmas cheer,
 Doth struggle up the chimney stacks, mayhap,
 And the broad hearth's ablaze.
 Season of hurried days,
 When the sun flies in fearful counterfeits
 Through narrow skies,
 And the sad robin in the hedgerow sits!
 There's blue in thy wild eyes,
 There's promise in thy ways;
 The day doth strike thy mail with golden flits,

Wild honeysuckles riot in thy face,
The pimpernel hath snatched a glossy grace
Out of thy rain-cloud.

Wizard, hark!

There cheeps a faint bird in the morning dark,
About the red deadnettle, from whose bells
He plucks the brave seeds which thy snows have sown.
Lo! in a nook thine early weeds have blown,
Red-lipped archangels, puffed with southern wind;
Wild snowdrops, white as dead nuns in their cells;
Earth-creeping chickweed, which the wren doth find,
In dripping places; lo!
There beats a primrose gust about the snow!

There blows a rainy odour round the world,
And, underneath an arch of clouds up-furled,
Great February comes.
In shattered chasms, crack the morning mists,
From splintered crags, that lap their broken lists,
The pale stars sink into ambrosial glooms.
And, maned with lightning, the cold charioteer
Leaps from the sleet rack—a gray cataract;
Low lilies glimmer in the weedy mere,
And daisies whiten all the upland tract.
Now, deep in lonely dells,
Where throistles carol, and the hazel tree,
Is fronded with the brightness of the snow,
Sweet spirits, there are ye.
O Maid of February, thy virgin cheek,
Is tinct diverse with golden spot and streak,
And rich autumnal glow!
What banquet hast thou seen that thou shouldst bring,
Stains of the cleft-hived honey glimmering,
Along thy zone?
Nor is the month thine own;
There's Chaucer's daisy blinking in the byre,
Pink-fringed eyelids that encirque within,
A yellow eye, turned full upon the sun;
Nor dazzled by his fire.
Thy crimson lashes close,
Heart ministress, for wakes abroad the din
Of torrent vapours; and the storms begin,
And I shall crouch in quarry lands, where grows
Sad danewort flushed with milky juice,
Blood-veined docks that straggle loose,
Wild hellebore that shunneth light,
And sitteth half in day and night;
A while, the casements by the high arched bridge,
Blinded with lightning, glitter o'er the ridge!

'Twas midnight; overhead the vane
To earth's four corners blindly turned,
And backward blown, by tempests spurned,
Shook half at rest in driving rain.
The glass was dusk'd with beating leaves;
Flew here and there a panting bird;
But, in a hollow pause, I heard
A sparrow's chirp below the eaves.

Then struggled past the lattices, the larch.
 'Twas March! 'twas March!
 And at the day-break going forth,
 While yet the curling fog was rolled,
 A fathom deep across the wold,
 I felt that change had paced the earth.
 And thou wert there, tall coltsfoot, and did pass,
 Through prisms of purple flowers and wedded stems,
 A violet shadow on the long sword grass,
 Dropping the frore dew from their royal brims.
 And close beside thee, rooted in gray stone,
 Flourished the red-leaved mezereon;
 Spurge olive, at whose fragrant breath,
 Sad eyes have kindled on the bed of death,
 And weary brains have dreamed of twilight fields;
 And thou, for thou dost bless earth's poverty,
 And light roadsides with winking firmaments
 Of traveller stars, bright dandelion, for thee
 My heart leaped welcome; the rich-banded bee
 To the rose willow by the brooklet clung,
 And diving coreward, shook its silver tents,
 Until the fairy chimes clashed low and rung.
 Alas! no language of the coarse earth yields,
 Sweet panegyric words wherein to set
 The tender glory that doth bind thy brows,
 World-worshipped violet!
 Gray memories do build a queenly house
 For thee on brain-heights inaccessible,
 Where, linked with unutterable delights,
 Eternal thou dost dwell.

And April came, and hid the world in showers,
 Trifler with sunny hours;
 And, in the imprints of her nimble feet,
 Where sparkled still the sleet;
 Weeds, that did shoot a ray
 Into the throbbing heart of May,
 Budded. Along the margins of the morn
 White champion danced to life. Herb Robert blew
 Wood-sorrel trickled in the darkening heath.
 Over the woods, the breath of flowering thorn
 Came with the dark wind, like incarnate faith,
 Anemones trooped white in grass and dew.
 From lonely grange and garden girth
 Leaped the bright wall-flowers; low on earth
 The little speedwell darling gem
 Clustered her jewelled diadem;
 And far away, where bitterns boomed harsh,
 Flamed the wild marigold in swamp and marsh.

O May, in many carols sanctified!
 Month, when in the crumbling seashore ridge,
 The pansy of the brine shines amber-eyed
 The sea-pink feels the lapses of the tide—
 The sea-grape clusters on the breaker's edge.
 Thou hast thy darlings too,
 Gold-freckt and broidered blue.
 Larks sing for thee, and linnets with the dusk,
 Puff emerald throats amid the briars musk,

Where thou dost pass, thy silvery shoulders white
 As is a moony cloud, and glimmering bright
 Through wavering, dripping, shining veils of dew.
 And then thou diest, O Dryadess forlorn,
 Heaped with tender flowers in deepest wood
 Thy cold brow stained with strawberry blood
 And chapletted with corn.
 Thou diest; and, too soon.
 Printing her hot feet in the upland broom,
 And vested with orchard gloom,
 The wild world prays to June.

Fade and succeed, O winged months and days!
 Let the frost blacken and the sunshine blaze,
 Gable and casement, roof and lucid pane,
 Our sweetest songs remain
 For the Samaritan weeds that bubble forth
 Wherever heaven stoops over earth.
 East or west, or south or north,
 God's palmers—guests of sun and rain!
 Then be it unto them,
 The burthen of this hymn shall rise and rise,
 Rich as the smoke of flowers in sacrifice—
 Burnt myrrh, and marigold, and violets dim!
 And let the song rise higher,
 And blanchèd arms uplift the cymb and lyre,
 And ever 'mid the pauses of the choir
 With rods of cedar stir the fragrant fire
 Till faints the lily on the green mere's rim,
 And daisies, at the cry, shall redden and expire!

E. F.

QUEEN ENOR'S WEDDING.

AN IRISH FAIRY TALE.

THROUGH an atmosphere as ghastly blue, as the smoke of lighted sulphur, the flames of a furnace, stifled with blazing fuel, shot out, right and left, on twelve score of fairy artificers, in the great gold mine of Anard. The cavern was roofed with living rock, creased and furrowed from end to end, like the wrinkled forehead of the giant Sblhm, when the thunder is on the hills, and the lightning is licking the soles of his iron boots. Huge columns of brown sandstone, each a dozen yards in girth, rose from the floor, and buried their tops in the continually shifting darkness over head. On every side, the mouths of little galleries, pierced in the surrounding space, looked down, like great black, and crimson, and orange-eyeball, on the work of the craftsmen; now appearing to wink with delight as the flickering furnace breath lighted them up for a moment, now darkening suddenly as the door of the fire-prison was banged to, and anon staring blue, and livid, and fiend-like through the air of the cavern. Before the furnace was a great anvil, a block of solid silver, shaped like a wolf's heart; and around it

stood the pigmy craftsmen, beating the refined gold, from the furnace, into armlets and bracelets, and ear-rings, and charms, and chaplets, for the adornment of Enor, Queen of Fairyland, whose nuptials were to be celebrated with all due pomp at the fall of the sloe-leaf. Hot and bright blazed the fire, nimbly went the little hammers, and swiftly the jewels dropped, one by one, into baskets of twisted wicker-work, scattered up and down the floor. When a finishing blow was given to a jewel, the pigmies would throw back their heads until their poles touched the ground, with a loud shout of "ho, ho, ho!" which the cavern took up in turn, and shouted "ho, ho!" the mouths of the galleries all round contenting themselves with a single "ho!" at which the pigmies would erect their heads, and laugh, as if they meant to say—"Very good for you, ladies and gentlemen, very good!" The tallest of the herd were not above two spans in height; and their heads were so large, and out of all proportion to the bulk of their bodies, that when they walked they threatened to topple over. Curiously, too, their legs were exceedingly bandy and knock-kneed, and scarcely thicker than a walking-stick at the calf. They flung their arms about from side to side with a certain awkwardness which was caused by their extreme length, for it was possible for the pigmies to touch the earth with their finger-tops without bending a joint. Neither were their faces well favoured; some had their eyes set skew-wise in their foreheads; the teeth of some projected an inch long below the lip, whilst, in every instance, so large and deformed were their ears, that they clashed like a pair of clappers when the owners happened to cough or sneeze. When a fit of coughing took one, it proved contagious to all around, and the slapping and rapping of ears grew terrific for minutes, whilst every hand was pressed to its owner's chest, and every head thrown forward in the agony of asthma, and every tongue showered curses on the roaring furnace. As for dress, they wore red jerkins, leather breeches, and leathern aprons, and every man had his long hair rolled up into a ball and fastened on the tip of his head with a cluster of silver hair-pins. Though very ugly, they looked very comical and good-humoured; especially when they waddled about the cavern, rocking from side to side, helping themselves on with their finger-tips, and cackling with laughter when an unlucky step set one sprawling on his back.

It was easy to distinguish the master-craftsman from the crowd by the extraordinary size of his nose, which was much longer than his face from chin to scalp, and the two plaques of fine gold that bobbed from the tips of his ears. He had an ugly habit of winking continually with his left eye whilst the right remained stationary, and of taking snuff in thimbleful from a green box slung around his neck. Walking up and down between the steaming groups, his hands thrust under his leathern apron, his head thrown back, his hair-pins shining, and his toes turned out, he issued his orders from time to time in a sharp, thready voice, accompanied by a vigorous stamping of his right foot. When the humour seized him, he would kick the craftsmen for the sake of pure enjoyment, or pull their long ears until they squeaked from the torture; and, even in his best

moods, it was nothing uncommon to see him catch two of them by the top-knots and knock their heads together, by way of pleasant exercise. Indeed, he was much feared by the whole community, excepting Brake, the fireman, who was stout on his legs and strong in his arms, and whose flesh was so baked and hardened from constant exposure to the fierce heat of the furnace that a blow from his fist would rip up a rabbit or stun a cat. Blom, the master, and Brake, the fireman, did not love one another, and wisely shunned all intercourse, knowing in their hearts that it would lead to buffets and curses.

Between the heating of hammers and the groans of the furnace, a dull, heavy sound, slowly and regularly repeated, startled the workmen. Instantly each pair of ears shot up, and all eyes were turned to the roof of the cavern, whence came the alarm. Blom thrust a thimbleful of snuff up his nose, which he instantly dusted with his leathern apron, and, putting a finger to his lips, commanded silence.

"Ha!" he whispered, "there goes Hugh Brady again—nothing will do the fellow but our gold. Night and day he's digging in Redmonstown rath, and no one has the courage to send a blast that would stop him. Silence!"

But scarcely had the master-craftsman given his last order when the snuff took effect, and he sneezed vehemently and long. One by one the pigmies followed his example, and the whole cavern resounded with the uproar of exploding noses. Blom, foaming with anger, did not forget to kick and box the offenders, who fled before him in every direction, shrieking and howling in their terror. Blinded by fury, he laid about him indiscriminately, and at last dealt a kick on the fireman, who felled him with a terrific blow on the ear. Gathering himself up deliberately, he thrust his hands under his apron, and, with a show of calmness that astonished every one, seated himself on the silver anvil. Crossing his legs under him, he dipped his hand a second time in the green box, yawned sleepily, and looked around.

"I think we've done enough for this day," he said; "come, let us enjoy ourselves."

A loud "bravo!" from the pigmies was his reply. Even Brake could not resist the fascination which the master's display of good temper diffused amongst his associates, and, stepping up to him, he exclaimed—"I'm sorry for it—I am." Brake took his hand in silence and shook it.

"Never mind," he said, "'a rolling stone gathers no moss;' 'tis a good goat that doesn't eat his own tether;' 'a cut ear is better than deafness.' Sit down; for, by all the trout in the Anner, I'm bent on being jolly."

His invitation was eagerly accepted by the craftsmen, who squatted around the anvil, lit their pipes, and were just beginning to enjoy themselves, when the sound from the roof was heard again—this time with more precision and distinctness.

"May the sky fall upon you and crack your back, Hugh Brady!"

exclaimed Blum, taking the pipe from his mouth, and puffing a column of smoke through his nostrils.

The pigmies laid down their pipes for a moment, and deliberately said, "Amen."

Again the thumping on the roof was resumed with greater vehemence.

"The curse of the crows light on you!" continued Blum. "There's a fellow with whom the world has gone well, and yet won't be contented without getting that which doesn't belong to him. Do you hear him? He has a handsome wife and two beautiful children, but that does not satisfy him. 'He may go farther and speed worse;' 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!'"

"We have done him no harm," said Brake. "Even Queen Enor desired us to guard his fields, and keep the blight from his corn and the plague from his cattle."

"She will be married this day week," said Blum, abstractedly; "and if Lynn, the king of the northern fairies, travelled to the moon he would come back without meeting a fairer wife than she is."

"Where is it to take place?" asked a diminutive creature who sat with his back to the anvil."

"On the banks of the Anner," replied Brake. "We'll have a great meeting, and the chief dish is to be spatchcocked skylark."

The pigmies, one and all, smacked their lips at this announcement, and puffed their pipes with an evidently new relish; at the same moment, the point of a pick was seen to penetrate the roof, and scarce had they withdrawn when a vast fragment of rock, followed by Hugh Brady, tumbled into the cavern.

Stunned by the force and suddenness of his descent, the unlucky gold-seeker lay dead to all appearance, face uppermost, whilst the pigmies danced around him exultingly, clapping their hands and giving utterance to cries of "We have him, we have him." A few amused themselves by tugging at his beard and pinching his nose, whilst others dived into his pockets and unearthed their treasures, consisting of a short pipe, some rustic ballads, a piece of flint, and a handful of copper coins. These were claimed by Blum, to whom they were surrendered without hesitation; and then the whole community sat down in solemn council to deliberate on the form of punishment to which the wretched Hugh should be condemned. The discussion was long and stormy. Blum proposed that he should be slowly roasted on the bars of the furnace, and this course was supported by the more malicious imps of the community; but Brake protested against this severe measure, and suggested that a hump should be placed upon Hugh's back, in which condition he should be restored to the world.

"Will you throw dice for him?" asked Blum, whose temper was rising to a pitch that threatened serious results. "The lucky man shall have the wretch to do as he likes with him. Do you consent?"

Brake, who considered the proposition reasonable, accepted it; and the two gamblers having perched themselves upon Hugh's chest, began the

game. For a table they procured a flat potlid, and on this the tiny silver dice rattled for some minutes. Blum threw first, and turned up seven.

"We throw for fifty," cried Brake, lifting the box and shaking it over his head. "There's twelve at the first offer."

"'Tis a long lane that has no turning," replied Blum, somewhat peevishly. Down went the dice again; he turned nine.

"Sixteen already," exclaimed Brake, "there's my best leg foremost. By all the spots on the moon, 'tis another twelve."

"Sixteen—twenty-four," shouted the craftsmen, who pressed round the gamblers, watching the progress of the game with the greediest interest.

Blum took the dice with an air of lofty indignation, and because he fancied that the length of his nose was detrimental to his success, bestowed a hearty box on the extremity of that organ, with the result of which he appeared anything but pleased. At the same time, Hugh made a feeble movement, for which he was punished by the luckless gambler with a vigorous thrust in the eye. "Now," said Blum, giving the dice a prodigious shake, and glancing sternly at his antagonist, "I'll eat my nose if this don't turn up something. Twelve! as I'm a craftsman—twelve!"

"Twenty-eight—twenty-four," was the cry from all sides, as Brake took his turn; again he threw twelve; and Blum handled the box amid cries of "Thirty-six—twenty-eight." He threw five; his antagonist was less lucky as he turned up but two. In the next trial Blum threw twelve, and Brake three; and with the next the Master Craftsmen was winner by six.

"Come, my man," he said, addressing Hugh, as he and Brake descended from his chest, "we're only going to roast you for your trouble. Come, be alive; whilst there's a faggot left you shant want fuel."

Hugh opened his eyes, painfully and slowly, and, for the first time, became conscious of his situation. The cave, the fires, the figures around, astonished him; nor were the words of Blum, even when repeated, wholly intelligible to his distracted mind. He raised himself with terrible difficulty on his elbow, and gazed in the faces of the craftsmen, who returned his bewildered looks with grinnings, leers, and expressions of mock-sympathy. He attempted to rise to his feet, but discovered, to his horror, that they were fast bound. His heart failed him as he slowly realised the awfulness of his position, and the hopelessness of escape. "Where am I?" he asked, at last, in a voice tremulous from the very intensity of terror.

"Oh, with friends who have been listening and waiting for you ever so long," said a deformed imp, applying his hand to his nose, in illustration of the figure known as the Chinese puzzle.

Hugh groaned, and threw himself back on the floor. "I'm done for ever!" he said, in a sort of soliloquy, which did not escape the vigilant ears of Blum, who laughed with a diabolical shrillness, which was instantly imitated by his crew.

"Now, boys," he said, "rake out the lower bars, and make a bed of nice white ashes for this enterprising gentleman."

"Mercy—I implore of you to spare me," shrieked Hugh. "What have I done?"

"That," returned the chief craftsman, taking a pinch with a sort of critical nicety, "is a question which you yourself shall answer. *Pray*, what brought you here?"

"Hugh could not answer. He only shook his head, and closed his eyes despairingly.

"Why did you dig up our rath, and desecrate the glorious work of our friends the Danes. Eh?"

"Eh?" cried sixty voices in echo.

Again Hugh shook his head; he endeavoured to offer some defence, but the words died on his lips, strangled in their birth. The master craftsman gave the final signal, and Hugh felt himself moving slowly, but with awful directness, to the bed of white ashes collected in front of the furnace. In the agony of the moment he lost all consciousness, his brain reeled, and, when the first hot blast of the fire beat upon his face, he was insensible to all danger. They had dragged him, with their united strength, across half the floor, when the sound of a horn penetrated the cavern, the lower side of which seemed to dissolve, and melt into the earth. Through the open space, thus formed, appeared a multitude of people, mostly habited in green, playing upon flutes and harps, dancing and singing as they came along; and in their midst rode Queen Enor, on a white goat, with crimson horns, and caparisoned in cloth of gold, from which hung a number of silver bells. The queen was exceedingly beautiful; moon never looked upon a fairer spirit; sun never sent a sweeter fairy tripping on the heels of night. She was attired in a long gray habit, whose ample folds swept the grass; on her head was a tiny crown, hewn out of a single brilliant; in her hand she carried a branch of ivy with which she fondled her goat, from time to time. On her right hand rode the royal bridegroom, Lynn, on a speckled horse; he was superbly clothed in a coat of silver chain-mail, greaves of elastic gold, and a marvellous helmet, from which sprang a mass of snow-white plumage. His surcoat was a miracle of gorgeous embroidery, attributed to the dainty needle, and still daintier fingers of the bride.

The royal pair having reached the mouth of the cavern, dismounted and entered. Amid the cries of congratulation which resounded from her people, the queen approached the prostrate form of Hugh, and turning to the chief craftsman, asked:

"Whom have we here—what wretched man is this?"

"One condemned to the fire, most gracious lady, for violating the sanctity of our raths and coveting our treasures," answered Blum.

"Away!" exclaimed Enor, waving her little hand in magnificent scorn. "No blood shall sully our nuptials."

Lynn interposed. "But, darling, we must guard our privileges, which have become too few, indeed. To death it were awful to condemn this rash man; let us devise some punishment which shall amuse us, and be not fatal to him. Let those sweet days be rich in charms; let love lean to laughter. We will be merciful, but still gay. Do you refuse me?"

She took his hand between hers, looked half-chidingly in his face, and said: "O Lynn, I could not." Then, smiling, she waved her scarf above Hugh, who awoke to find his fetters gone—his terrors half dissipated. He threw himself before the queen, and implored her to save him.

Lynn could not help laughing on beholding the half-ludicrous plight of Hugh. "You are pardoned," he said; "the queen has saved you."

"O thanks—a million thanks!" exclaimed Hugh, as he sprang to his feet and prepared to quit the place.

"Stay," cried Enor; "for three days you shall minister, in whatever shape it pleases us, to our mirth. Harm shall not befall you; and when the time of our delight shall have passed away, you shall see your house once more."

"Will your majesty graciously send a message to that effect to my wife?" asked Hugh, tugging at the border of the king's surcoat.

A peal of silvery laughter, mixed with the guttural cacklings of the craftsmen, greeted the request. Even Enor herself could not help smiling, and tossed her pretty head from suppressed merriment.

"She is a good wife," observed Lynn, with a sly side-long glance at the queen, "who can await her husband for a season, and wish not to wed with another."

Enor blushed to the temples, whilst Hugh answered: "That is what I dread. I have been married three years; and there's one Ned Nealon, an old sweetheart of my wife, concerning whom I am anything but comfortable."

"But your wife loves you," suggested Enor, tapping her foot with the ivy. "Is it not written:—

" 'When thou art near, in sooth, I love thee much,
Nor look behind, nor guess at the Before;
But, husband, when thou'rt very far from me,
In sooth, in very sooth, I love thee more!'"

"That's a fine ballad, my lady," replied Hugh; "but I dread the truth of it. Night and silence, give the woman fair play."

He said this with such wild vehemence, that the company could not contain themselves, but gave vent to their mirth in a shout of laughter, at which the very stars seemed to tingle. The craftsmen tumbled about in the grass, throwing up their heels; the ladies clapped their hands and hid their faces; and even Blum and Brake, enemies immemorial, were seen rolling along the sward, locked in each other's embraces.

"Ah, Lynn," Enor said, looking at the king, and pointing with her finger to Hugh Brady, "there is an example for you! In all our realms there dwells not so constant a mate as he!"

"Now, the wasp sting you for that pretty calumny," rejoined Lynn. "What will you wager that, of the two, the woman prove the falser?"

"This;" and Enor held up a triple string of pink pearls. "With this jewel I can charm the winds, and suck the spice-breeze from the remotest East. Where is your gage?"

"You shall see;" and, as the king spoke, he drew from his bosom a piece of emerald-coloured ribbon. "You smile at the littleness of my gage, but with it I can bridge an ocean, and throw a pathway over the deepest marsh that ever breathed fog."

"A wager! a wager!" cried the people.

"Come, we will dance in the moon of June," cried the queen, as she was assisted to her saddle by the king. "Already she begins to rise above the woods."

"Shine on for ever!" exclaimed the king, raising his hands towards the unclouded orb. "Fill those cold horns with delight, and let the skies rain happiness on her and me;" and, bending to the queen, he kissed her cheek, which suddenly glowed like a ruby.

The long train, preceded by the craftsmen, wrestling with each other on the grass and wild flowers of the meadow, passed across the open country, pausing when they came to the sloping banks of the Anner, at a little distance from the spot where it empties its crystal urns into the Suir. The blue purity of the heavens, the glory of the moon, the faint lights of innumerable stars, and the pendant branches of the limes and alders stretching over the river, lay in one reflected mass on the lucid surface of the water. Midways between both banks was a little island—the half-way house of the ford—which seemed to sleep in a bath of yellow lilies, and almost to yield to the dreamy undulations of the stream that ran all a-flame around it. Not a solitary sound except the dripping pulses of the mountain mills disturbed the otherwise perfect silence of the night. Even the owl was hushed, and the bat, that beat his airy pilgrimage around the tree-tops, wheeled past as noiselessly as the red beach-leaf when it falls, in the season of autumn, on the rotting grass of the forest. The king unwound the ribbon from his wrist, allowing one end of it to flutter in the air. In the beat of a death-watch, an aerial bridge shot across the water, and the multitude passed over. The little lawn, fringed with shadows by the dwarf alders of the island, was soon filled with tiny dancing forms, that sparkled against the rich underground, like the atoms of mica in the crust of the green granite. Delicate music rose from an invisible orchestra, hidden in the leaves, not the voices of earthly instruments—neither flute nor tabor—but sounds recalling the melodies, low and exquisite, which the wind plays amongst the stems of the ripe wheat in the noontides of August. At last the queen, flinging herself on a mat of honeysuckles, clapped her hands and cried, "A song, a song." A beautiful creature rose at the royal behest, and touching a harp, strung with the fine threads of the star-spider, sang this wild lyric:—

We live i' the wood,
We swim i' the flood,
When the sycamore bud,
Opens and blows out its heart to the moon;
Where the waters lie cold on,
Sands dripping and golden;
In the mellowy midnights of June.
Tira la,
In the star-haunted midnights of June.

We crouch i' the brake,
 We hide by the lake ;
 Where the scented snow-flake
 Bubbles and breaks, like a blossoming peach ;
 Thro' lights and thro' shadows,
 Thro' pastures and meadows,
 We dance down the fields to the beach ;
 Tira la,
 To the silvery weeds on the beach.

We float i' the wind,
 The sun-rise behind ;
 On the bat, bald and blind,
 Cramping our hands in the skirts of the night ;
 Where dim, thro' the glooming,
 The last star is blooming—
 Blooming and fainting in light.
 Tira la,
 Blooming, and fainting, and dying in light.

When the cock crows,
 When the wind blows,
 White blossoms or snows.
 Away and away, through the flood and the fire ;
 Hopping and dancing,
 Our winged feet flee glancing ;
 And our song echoes higher and higher,
 Tira a, tira la !
 Ha, ha, ha !
 Our song in the dark mounts up higher and higher !

Scarcely had the last echo of the singer's voice died away, when the invoked cock crew ; the fairies vanished, and Hugh found himself standing in the midst of the lawn, no longer Hugh Brady, but transformed into a mule. His sides ached as if from the effects of a recent cudgelling, and he found, to his horror, on gazing in the clear mirror of the water, that his left ear was lost, and his tail clipped to the stump. It was in vain he strove to convince himself he was dreaming. As he moved with difficulty across the sward, his hoofs left their imprints on the turf, his flanks were lacerated by the briars and thorns. He tried to sit down, that he might reflect at leisure on his wretched condition, but he found that position so uncomfortable, not to say ungraceful, that he quickly gave it up for a standing posture. Moved by some strange impulse, he plunged into the stream, and swam to the opposite bank. Morning was breaking upon the world, the dews sparkled, the birds sang, the fields rejoiced in the new light ; and, whilst enjoying the happiness around him, in a state of mind which drowned the recollection of his misfortune, he was painfully recalled to a sense of his new existence, by a smart rap of a cudgel between the ears, and a voice which exclaimed—

"May the Dickens take you, for a mule. Even clipping that ugly ear of your's won't stop you. Perhaps somebody else will be able to take the mischief out of you yet. Eh?"

Hugh turned round at the well-known voice, with all the quickness

with which his long legs could accommodate him, and beheld his old rival, Ned Nealon. That individual, after looking him steadily in the eyes for a moment, bestowed a second whack of the cudgel on his shoulder; and proceeded to bridle him with a hay-rope.

Hugh's indignation was excessive, his mortification indescribable. The evils of the past and present, painfully confounded, flashed through his brain, with that awful rapidity with which we *think*, under the inspiration of great calamities. He, an independent landholder only yesterday, happy only for the accursed greed that ate him up, to be transformed into the bodily semblance of a mule, driven and beaten at the caprice of one whom he feared and hated. It suddenly occurred to him, that by making signs, such as nodding of the head, or blinking of the eyes, he might succeed in making Nealon understand who he was; and with the impulse of a sick hope, he turned back his head, and blinked at the rival.

"Is it winking at me you are, you born scoundrel?" cried Nealon, dealing him a blow this time on the extremity of the nose. "Take that, and that!" each invitation being accompanied with a fresh buffet. Finally, Nealon jumped upon his back, plunged his hard heels into his sides, and obliged him to canter along the road. They were ascending the hill, in the direction of Clonmel; and Hugh remembered, with an overwhelming sense of misery, that in a few minutes he should be at his own door. As he came up to the house he saw his wife come out to find the hour, as was her custom, by the sun-dial, on the gable. She exchanged greetings with Nealon, who brought his steed to a stand-still, that they might chat at leisure.

"When did you get that thing?" she asked. "Ah, mind the lad, how he looks at me. May I never see another Michaelmas if he doesn't understand every word we're saying."

"I'd believe anything of him, Mrs. Brady—quiet, you beggar."

As he said this, Hugh became suddenly aware that the road, as far as he could see around, was covered with fairies, dressed in the oddest and most picturesque raiment. Amongst them he recognised his friend, Brake, and the master craftsman, Blum, who had thrown their leathern aprons aside, and were now as gay as strawberry leaves. Blum evidently relished the unfortunate Hugh's predicament; he grinned from ear to ear, chattered like a chaffinch, and made a hundred insulting grimaces, which were diligently copied by the craftsmen. Enor and Lynn were not visible; but Hugh believed their presence was indicated by two luminous specks that passed and repassed, from time to time, amongst the people, like moonshine through water. Suddenly a wind, loaded with green larch leaves, blew down the road, and the whole vision disappeared with a tinkling noise. When Hugh recovered from his surprise, he found Nealon and his wife still speaking.

"As there's a fair in Clonmel to-day," said the former, "I may as well take him down—who knows but some one will be unlucky enough to buy him."

"No one will take him for ornament sake, at any rate. Wouldn't it

be a charity to give him a knock on the head, and fatten the hounds with him?"

Oh!" replied Nealon, "he hasn't come to that yet. Put by a thing for seven years, you know, and if you don't want it then, you'll never want it."

With these words he chucked the bridle, and was riding off, when a new dea occurred to him.

"Is there any account of himself yet, Mrs. Brady?" he asked.

"No, then."

"Who knows but he's dead?"

"Dead! He is'n't—gone up to some of those wild places digging for money he is. I wish he'd leave them alone, and mind his land."

"Sure, if he doesn't, somebody else will. Eh?"

"'Deed, Mr. Nealon, you've a great deal to answer for. Good morning to you."

The streets of Clonmel were crammed with horses, asses, and cattle, as Nealon entered that which forms the great axis of the town. With difficulty he made his way slowly through the almost compact mass of animal life. As he rode along, the appearance of his unfortunate mule gave rise to a hundred laughs, jokes, and witticisms, not a few of which were "pointed" with sharp digs of sticks and knuckles, which Hugh received in the ribs. In the crowd, the latter encountered numbers of his acquaintances, jolly-looking farmers, with their buxom wives, and handsome daughters, all of whom seemed to enjoy themselves with his miserable looks, and thought it capital sport to pull his odd ear. Nealon seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any one else, only protesting against their ill-treatment of the mule, with the gentle remonstrance—"Boys, ah, girls, fair play for the Connaughtman!" This "don't-nail-his-ears-to-the-pump" sort of a request served but to increase the malicious wickedness of the by-standers; and, when Hugh got as far as the Main-guard, not a square inch of his body was free from pain or irritation. He raised his head, and beheld the walls of the public-house opposite to which he stood, whilst a girl fetched Nealon a stoup of porter from the bar, swarming with his supernatural tormentors. Window-sill, parapet, and eave, were alive with the mischievous creatures; and they mopped and mowed, shutting their little fists and shaking them at him. Then a tall man, of corpulent body and flushed face, came to the door, and, addressing Nealon, said:—

"Is it trying to sell that gridiron you are?"

Nealon shook his head in assent, and the man continued—

"I've no objection to turn an honest penny, even if 'twas at pitch-and-toss; and I don't care if I give you half-a-sovereign for him. He'll make glue, anyhow."

How Hugh trembled when he heard these words, and recognised in the corpulent personage an old acquaintance—Tom Clark, the knacker!

"Make it the sovereign, and take him," suggested Nealon.

"Keep him till you're made the same offer again," was the reply.

Nealon hesitated—"Say fifteen—here, say the fifteen."

A peremptory "No!" decided him. He dismounted, received the half-

sovereign, and went into the public-house, whilst Hugh was led round to a yard, strewn over with animal *debris* and the machinery of a knacker's premises. A bare-armed man approached him, having in his hand a long knife, whose bloodied edge told of recent slaughter; and, whilst his head was being covered with a greasy cloth, he heard a tinkling noise in the air, and a chorus of voices singing—

"Zinny zanny, zinny zanny,
Lose many lives, and not lose any.
Zanny zinny, zinny zanny."

He felt the sharp plunge of the knife in his throat, his legs gave way, and he came to the ground with a shock that made his frame quiver from the spine to the hoofs. A deep sleep quickly overpowered him, and he awoke to find himself transformed into a setter-dog, quietly following Nealon's heels, as the latter, gun in hand, was picking his steps across the fields, in the direction of Two-mile-bridge. Once more the fairies were with him, either seated cross-legged on the grass or squatted on the sharp points of the bulrushes. Again they mocked him, pelting him with little red stones, no bigger than cherries. Once more the infernal incantation assailed his ears—the very grass seemed to whisper "zinny zanny," as he scampered over it.

Hugh, following his master, and escorted by the fairies, came out at last on the high road, near the bridge. They had passed a farm-house to the left, and were coming down to the water-side, when a huge bull-dog, without log or muzzle, jumped over the fence and gripped the setter by the throat. In vain Nealon tried to beat off the assailant with the stock of his gun, with which he pounded the furious animal vigorously; the latter held his gripe, and for a second time Hugh felt the pains of coming death. There was a loud report, a flash in his eyes, and again the deep, merciful sleep overpowered him. When he recovered, he was hardly surprised to find himself sitting, in the shape of a speckled hen, on the top of some baskets, piled up against the wall of his own kitchen. It was night; a candle was burning on the table, at either side of which sat his wife and Nealon. She appeared much older than when he had last seen her; and over her dark hair was a widow's cap.

"Look here, now, Mrs. Brady," exclaimed Nealon, laying his open hand, by way of emphasis, on the table, "throw that thing off of your handsome head, and be reasonable towards yourself and others. Woman alive, do you think if he wasn't dead we'd hear nothing of him? What folly 'tis! Come, make up your mind at once, and don't spend the rest of your days making cross faces at a tombstone."

She put her apron to her eyes, not to conceal "the tears she did not weep," but to wipe away the hot out-gush which the recollection of her husband evoked. For with all his eccentricities, he was ever kind and indulgent, and she loved him, though her utter want of demonstrativeness, served to make him doubt it.

"There, you're at it again," said Nealon, in a tone sufficiently sympa-

thetic; "you're at it again. Now, what's the use of crying—sure, if the eyes dropped out of your head, would it make things a bit better?" He took her hand in his, and strove to look in her face, but she averted it from his gaze, and her tears fell anew. Hugh's indignation boiled within him until it threatened to fire his feathers, and in the attempt to say something he crew like a cock.

"I'm greatly in your debt, Mr. Nealon," said Mrs. Brady, huskily, for since Hugh went away, only for you everything in the farm would go to ruin; but I can't think of becoming another's wife whilst there's a chance of his coming back to me; indeed I can't."

"But I'll swear he's dead," exclaimed Nealon, rising and placing his hand on her shoulder; "ay, dead as a holdfast."

Again Hugh wriggled on his perch, and again he crew a fiercer remonstrance.

"Is that a crowing hen you have?" asked Nealon, looking up at the baskets, "get rid of that one if you've luck; you know a crowing hen and a whistling woman are bad things in a house."

"I never heard her crow till to-night," replied Mrs. Brady; "and I don't believe anything God makes is unlucky."

"Well now, to make things straight, say this day month; will you say it out, like a decent woman? Sure, there's a hundred girls in the parish that would have me if I only gave them the wind of the word!"

Although aware of the danger he would run, Hugh could no longer contain himself, and once more his clear, shrill clarion startled the fascinated suitor, and caused him to look up.

"'Tis the old boy we have, and not a hen," he exclaimed, seizing a sod of turf and hurling it, with all his might, at the speckled hen. The missile struck Hugh's head, and almost flattened it to the wall. The next moment he was restored to his own shape, and came tumbling down to the floor, to the amazement of his wife and the terror of Nealon.

"Scoundrel!" he shrieked, rising to his feet and confronting the intruder. "Scoundrel! you shan't carry a whole bone away from this house."

"Le-le-let me-me speak; hear me," cried Nealon, as he cowered before the uplifted arm of Hugh, and staggered to the door.

"Ah, I've heard enough of you. Look out!"

Nealon, wisely for himself, obeyed the injunction, for, at the next moment, Hugh's arm was launched at the spot in which he had been standing, with terrific force. His wife, who had scarcely recovered from her surprise, and stood apart, with clenched hands, white lips, rushed to him, caught his arm, and, fixing her eyes on his, exclaimed:

"For the dear sake of heaven, Hugh, do not kill him!"

"You, taking his part," he cried, with appalling bitterness. "You! Aye, you, who were only too glad to become a widow, and couldn't wait a week for your husband's return."

"A week!" exclaimed the two. And the wife continued, "why you've been away three years. Hugh, darling—three long years."

"Three years this June," added Nealon.

"Liars, both," replied Hugh. "Am I the village fool that you dare to impose on me thus?" and, whilst his face grew livid from internal wrath, he sprang at Nealon, who eluded him, and fled the house, followed by Hugh. The latter thought he saw his enemy's figure in the darkness, and, fired with revenge, exerted himself to overtake it. "If he flies straight in this direction," he murmured, "he must jump the Anner." Down the hill went Hugh, and across the lawn. Suddenly the river gleamed right before him, and, with the precipitancy of desire, he plunged into its waters. As he rose to the surface, he was astonished at finding himself within an arm's length of the Fairy Island, whilst a thousand voices exclaimed, "Health to our king and queen, the sloe-leaf has fallen!" Hugh had had more than enough of the enchanted people, and turned to swim for the bank, when Brake suddenly appeared at the water's edge flourishing a torch.

"Welcome," he said, "welcome. We've all been unhappy on your account. Come and see the king."

Hugh felt it would be imprudent to refuse, and, jumping on the island, found himself in the midst of the whole fairy population. Enor and Lynn, both in festival robes, and with crowns upon their heads, sat on thrones under the fine canopy of a sycamore-tree, amid whose branches sparkled innumerable lights. Their hands were joined, for the royal alliance had been celebrated, and they had become joint rulers of the realm of Faery. As Hugh made his way to them, through the dancing groups assembled on the lawn, the king raised his head, and said, good-humouredly—

"Good mortal, you have seen your wife; who shall win the gages—the Queen or I?"

"Quick! oh, be quick!" said Enor, clapping her tiny hands for impatience.

"Alas!" said Hugh, "I returned, and found my wife a widow, consenting to be wooed out of her weeds because her husband had been three days away."

"Three years!" exclaimed the royal pair; "three years!"

Hugh stepped back a pace, and raised his hands in consternation.

"Have I been three years absent, then? Well, my wife is not as bad as I thought, and the queen wins."

At this announcement the people raised a shout, whilst the king bent forward and placed the magic ribbon around Enor's neck.

"Hugh," she said, "return home and be happy. Perfect bliss is denied the world in which you move, but the best pleasures of mortals lie nearest to them. How beautiful looks the moon from this world! yet I have dwelt upon it, and know that there the rain never breeds a flower, and that unceasing barrenness blackens the fairest spot we see from hence. Return, and be contented, and with you take our good wishes. Your wife loves you—your rival you need not fear. Away!"

As she waved her hand the whole company rose into a cloud of dew that drifted across the night. Hugh watched its ascent until it became invisible, and the weird voices, singing

" We live i' the wood,
 We swim i' the flood,
 Where the sycamore bud
 Opens and blows out its heart to the moon,"

died away in the celestial vastness, and day broke upon the world. He started, and was astonished to find himself sitting in his own house, tenderly watched and cared for by his wife. He caught her hand, and said, huskily,

"Margaret, do you forgive me?"

"Hush!" she said, and kissed him. "Those who love us cannot injure us. Try and sleep."

BATHS OF ROMANCE AND HISTORY.

THE practice of bathing, so conducive to the health and comfort of man, reaches back to the earliest times in the existence of the human race. In one form or other it has been popular from the most remote ages to the present day among all nations, and, in general, we find that among the ancients the opinion prevailed that purification of the body induced or signified moral purity. In the patriarchal ages, the inhabited regions of the earth being destitute of rivers, precluded the possibility of general bathing. We find, however, Abraham ordering water to bathe the feet of the three Divine messengers in the plains of Mamre, and the servant of the same patriarch receiving water for a similar purpose at the house of Laban. Indeed, amongst the many observances enjoined by the Mosaic law, none stands more pre-eminent than the "purification by water." When King Solomon erected the Temple at Jerusalem, which is thought to have been contemporary with the Homeric age, he constructed a bath for the special use of the hierarchy, denominated the "Molten Sea," which, if we may judge from the description of it in the Book of Chronicles, must have been a really magnificent and commodious structure. In his reign domestic baths, fragrant essences, music, and every other luxury to charm the senses, were to be found in Judæa; but anterior to this period the people of the Holy Land still used the pools and rivers. When, however, luxury, with the arts, began to make their way among the eastern nations, the enervated part of mankind eschewed natural bathing, and sought refreshment from fatigue and *ennui* in tepid water, while oils and essences were superadded to heighten delight and improve beauty. Apart from the hygeian and pleasurable attractions of bathing, there are not a few note-worthy anecdotes associated with the custom, from baths of such Boccaccian simplicity as that, on her way to which, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, a princess of the royal house of Pharaoh discovered the future law-giver of Israel nestling in his bulrush berceauette on the banks of the mystic Nile, down to the year 1862, when a bath *à la Turque* is said to be a universal

panacea. Let us, having taken a cursory glance at the manner in which the Greeks and Romans bathed, glance at a few of those baths of romance and history.

Homer, who flourished about five centuries after the birth of Moses, informs us that tepid bathing, with inunctions, had already become general throughout Greece. In the tenth book of the *Odyssey* we have a distinct account of the manner then in use, as described in the preparations made by Circe for the reception and entertainment of Ulysses :

“ Ministrant to their queen, with busy care,
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare,
Nymphs, sprung from fountains or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glowed against the view,
White linen lay beneath ; another plac'd
The silver stands, with golden flasks grac'd.
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd
Fair in the midst with gilded cups around ;
That in the tripod o'er the kindling pile,
The water pours ; the bubbling waters boil.
An ample vase receives the smoking wave,
And in the bath prepared my limbs I lave,
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.”

It was customary among the Greeks to take two baths in succession—first cold and afterwards warm. The habit of plunging into cold water after warm baths was probably adopted by the Greeks from the Romans, after the latter had subjugated their country. Amongst the Greeks, as well as the Romans, bathing was always a preliminary to the hour of meals. The Lacedæmonians, who considered warm water as enervating and effeminate, used two kinds of baths, namely, the cold daily bath and a dry, sudorific bath, in a chamber heated with warm air by means of a stove. It is clear that the Greeks were familiar with the use of the bath, both as a source of health and pleasure, long before it came into general practice among the Romans, although they had no public establishments, expressly devoted to the purpose, of a corresponding magnificence to those of the Romans. In Homer's time indulgence in the warm bath was considered a mark of effeminacy. Among the Greeks a person was always bathed at birth, marriage, and after death ; whence it was said of the Dardanians, an Illyrian people, that they bathed only thrice in their lives—that is, on the three aforementioned occasions.

It is not, we believe, recorded at what precise period the use of the warm bath was first introduced amongst the Romans. We learn, however, from Seneca that Scipio had one in his villa at Liternum. By the time of Cicero the use of baths, both public and private, of warm water and hot air, had become very general, and appear to have been erected with a considerable degree of luxury, if not splendour. When public baths (*balneæ*) were first instituted they were only used by the commonalty ; but this monopoly was not of long endurance, for we find that in process of time even

the emperors themselves condescended to bathe in public with the meanest of the people. Some of the more dissolute of the Roman emperors were accustomed to take their meals in their baths, a habit severely reprehended by Martial in his epigrams. Caligula is mentioned by Suetonius as having invented a novel luxury in the use of the bath by perfuming the water, whether hot or cold, by an infusion of precious odours, or, as Pliny relates, by anointing the walls with rare unguents. Upon quitting the bath it was usual for the Romans to be anointed with oil, a luxury for which they were indebted to the more refined Greeks.

The "thermæ," (vapour baths) were a very particular class of the Roman baths. They were decorated with the finest objects of art, both in painting and sculpture, covered with precious marbles, and adorned with fountains and umbrageous walks and plantations, like the groves of Academia. Public baths were not instituted at Rome prior to the reign of Augustus, and we are told that they were introduced by Mæcenas, the patron of Virgil. M. Agrippa, however, was the first who afforded these luxuries to his countrymen, by bequeathing to them, as we learn from Dion Cassius and Pliny, the thermæ and gardens which he had erected in the Campus Martius. The Parthenon, now existing at Rome, served originally as a vestibule to these baths. The example set by Agrippa was followed by Nero, Titus, Trajan, Caracalla, Diocletian, and Constantine. Of the thermæ of Caracalla and Diocletian ample remains still exist to attest their former extent and splendour. The magnitude of such buildings may be estimated when we are informed that the baths of Diocletian would accommodate eighteen hundred bathers at one time; and the importance of this luxury to the Romans may be appreciated when we are assured that there were upwards of eight hundred public baths at Rome.

Speaking of the baths of Caracalla, a modern writer says: "St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, is the most exact copy, in modern times, of a part of these baths. The hall itself is a re-production, both in scale and design, of the central hall of Caracalla's baths, but improved in detail and design, having five bays instead of only three. With the two courts at each end, it makes up a suite of apartments very similar to those found in the Roman examples. The whole building, however, is less than one-fourth of the size of the central mass of a Roman bath, and, therefore, gives but little idea of the magnificence of the whole."

The thermæ of Diocletian occupied upwards of one hundred and forty thousand men several years in constructing. Of their vast arches, beautiful and stately pillars, extraordinary amount of foreign marble, curious vaulted, roofs, and numbers of spacious apartments, there yet exist sufficient evidences to attest. Some of the Roman baths, as may be seen from several of those discovered at Pompeii, were really sumptuous. The *chefs d'œuvre* of ancient sculpture adorned them, and the researches of modern archæologists have restored many of them to the light of day. In the baths of Caracalla were found the Farnese Hercules, by Glycon the Athenian, the finest and most celebrated statue of Hercules extant; the Flora

in the Farnese collection at Naples; and the beautiful group of the Diræ, or Furies, who were always represented as standing near the throne of Jupiter, in an attitude expressive of their eagerness to receive and execute his behests. The magnificent group of Laocoon and his sons, was discovered in 1806, in the immediate vicinity of the thermæ of Titus; that exquisite specimen of Grecian art, the Apollo Belvedere, was found in a bath, as was also a piece of statuary which Thackeray has designated as "unfathomably beautiful"—the Venus of Milo.

There is a considerable amount of fact and fable blended with the history of the baths of the ancients. Actæon was one of the most dashing and celebrated Nimrods of antiquity. Having, in the ardour of the chase, surprised Diana, and her attendant nymphs, bathing at the fountain of Gargaphia, a valley near Plateæ, he is fabled to have been metamorphosed into a stag, by the irate goddess, and in that guise to have been torn to pieces by his own hounds. Among the "Townley Marbles," in the British Museum, is a small, but very interesting group of the incautious hunter defending himself from the attack of his dogs. Midas, King of Phrygia, for his hospitality to Silenus, the preceptor of Bacchus, was permitted to select whatever recompense he desired. He had the imprudence to demand of the god, that whatever he touched might be transmuted to gold. The request was conceded, but the avaricious monarch soon perceived the fatal consequences certain to accrue from his aureate power, and begged it to be revoked. As a remedy, he was desired to bathe in the celebrated river Pactolus, in Lydia, the sands of which are said to have been turned into gold by his touch. Poppea, wife of the tyrant Nero, is amongst the most celebrated of the Roman empresses. She possessed great personal charms, and so anxious was she to preserve her beauty and elegance of person, that, it is affirmed, five hundred asses were kept on purpose to afford her milk, in which she used to bathe daily. Previous to her death she was exiled by Nero, but, even in her banishment, she was attended by fifty of these animals for the same purpose, and from their milk she invented a kind of kalydor, or pomatum, to preserve beauty, called "Poppæanum," from her. There is a fine bust of this eccentric empress in the Capitol at Rome. A rather unpleasant contrast to Poppea appears in the empress Fausta, wife of Constantine. Her career was criminal in the highest degree, and she expiated her crimes by being suffocated in a warm bath, by the emperor's directions, about the year 327. Seneca, who was born about six years anterior to the Christian era, was one of the most remarkable preachers of the Pythagorean tenets, which inculcated the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of the soul into different bodies— notions which the Samian philosopher seems to have imbibed among the hierarchy of Egypt, or in the solitary retreats of the Brahmins. Seneca was the preceptor of the emperor Nero, an office which he filled with general satisfaction. In the famous conspiracy of Piso, against the domination of Nero, Seneca's name was mentioned, either malevolently or by accident, as being privy to it, whereupon the emperor ordered him to destroy himself. The philosopher, undismayed, heard the command with stoical calmness, and even with joy, observing, that

such a mandate might have long been expected from a man who had murdered his own mother and assassinated all his friends. He directed his veins to be opened, but, as he bled very slowly, to hasten his death he drank a dose of poison, and ordered himself to be carried into a warm bath, to accelerate the operation of the draught, and make the blood flow more freely. The death of Seneca would be a fine subject for an historical picture. We can fancy the noble old philosopher reclining in his bath, conversing, in his dying moments, as his life-blood ebbed faintly, sensibly and animatedly with his sorrowing circle of friends, while the myrmidons of the imperial assassin waited without, stern, merciless, and inflexible. The finest bust of Seneca is of bronze, and is preserved in the *Herculaneum Museum*. Archimedes of Syracuse, is the most celebrated of ancient mathematicians, and the only one that contributed anything satisfactory on the theory of mechanics and on hydrostatics. He first established the truth that a body plunged in a fluid loses as much of its weight as is equal to the weight of an equal volume of the fluid it displaces. It was by this law that he determined how much alloy the goldsmith whom King Hiero, of whom Archimedes is said to have been a kinsman, once commissioned to make a crown of pure gold, had fraudulently mixed with the metal. The solution of the problem suggested itself to him as he was entering his bath; and he is reported to have been so overcome with joy as to hasten home without waiting to dress, exclaiming, "Eureka! Eureka!"—"I have found it! I have found it!" Although the "Principle of Archimedes," as it is called, is the most important in the science of hydrostatics, its application extends equally to bodies immersed in air or any other fluid.

About the year 1746, Benjamin Franklin first saw some experiments in electricity very imperfectly performed, but which were quite new to him. He repeated them with much greater success, and very soon after announced, in a letter to a friend, his theory of the identity of lightning and electricity. It is a notable fact, that the Royal Society of England, to whom he submitted his papers on the subject, refused to print them, and they were, consequently, first issued, by Cave, of the "Gentleman's Magazine," in the form of a small pamphlet, in which Franklin suggested the possibility of attracting the lightning from the clouds, by means of a pointed iron rod. There was no place in Philadelphia, where he was at the time residing, sufficiently lofty for the purpose, and he was waiting till a spire should be finished, when it struck him that a common kite might be made available, and, in June, 1752, he had the pleasure of perfectly verifying his conjectures. Franklin was passionately fond of bathing, and not a few of his experimental researches were carried on while he was enjoying that luxury, permitting himself to float philosophically down the stream, assisted by a huge silk kite, by means of which he acquired the practical proof of his theory of the identity of lightning and electricity. If Franklin was not precisely the man indicated by his proud epitaph—"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis"—he possessed virtues that almost amount to genius. He never surrendered to party what was meant for mankind, and by his example proved his favourite doctrine,

that a man's country should be served for honour, and not for profit. The fact of Franklin's carrying on important scientific experiments while bathing, recalls to our memory an anecdote we have read somewhere of a very distinguished English judge, who was so partial to bathing, that whenever he was required to decide any legal difficulty, he was almost certain to be found engaged at that pastime in a favourite stream; indeed, it was affirmed, that many of his most elaborate opinions were delivered while thus enjoying himself.

The assassination of Marat in his bath, is a memorable episode in French history. Charlotte Corday, the perpetrix of the act, was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary women of modern times. She was born in the year 1768, at St. Saturnin, in the department of Orne. While yet a girl, she displayed singular strength of character, her favourite author being Plutarch. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, she was attracted by the boldness and novelty of its pretensions; but her noble soul was outraged by the terrible crimes which were deemed necessary to its success. It is said that she loved one of the proscribed Girondists, but of this there is no satisfactory evidence. She did not deem assassination a crime when directed against assassins, and secretly determined to go alone to Paris, and there stab the foremost democrat she could find. For a time she doubted whether Robespierre or Marat was the greater monster, but eventually her patriotic rage was concentrated on the latter. At the moment of her arrival Marat was sick; she wrote to him desiring an interview, but her application was not answered. Purchasing a large knife at the Palais Royal, she presented herself at the house of the monster on the following day. His housekeeper was alarmed at her appearance, and, perhaps, touched by the instinct of danger, refused her admission. Not to be baffled, she immediately wrote a note, in which she stated that she had important state secrets to reveal. Marat, who was reclining in a warm bath, determined to see at once the visiter, despite the earnest entreaties of his housekeeper. While conversing on the movements of the Girondists, Marat intimated his intention of guillotining them all. They were his last words. At the moment, Charlotte Corday, drawing her knife, with masculine force stabbed him in the throat, and he expired with a single groan. "Sirs," said she to the guard, as they arrived, and beheld her standing unmoved by her victim, "you long for my death; you ought rather to build an altar in honour of me, for having delivered you from a monster." She was immediately arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, where she boldly avowed and justified her act. She was, of course, condemned to the guillotine, and the sentence was carried into effect on the 17th July, 1793. A few months since an old man named Malfilatre died in France, who, although utterly undistinguished himself, was made remarkable by one peculiar circumstance. When Charlotte Corday started upon her memorable journey to Paris, Malfilatre, then a lad, with his mother, accompanied her to the diligence, and bade her farewell. Before leaving she kissed the boy, and the old man who lately died was ever after an object of interest

amongst his neighbours, as the last human being who had received the embrace of Charlotte Corday.

A rude but effective substitute for the sudatory baths of the Greeks may still be found in many parts of Ireland, especially in the North. In the district of country lying between Derrygonelly and Lake McNilly, which separates the counties of Fermanagh and Leitrim, may be observed studding the foot of each little hill, a small artificial lump of earth, somewhat resembling an ice-house. It is constructed of stone and mortar, brought to a round top, and is sufficiently large for one person to sit on a chair inside, the door being merely of dimensions sufficient to enable a person to enter on their hands and knees. When an invalid considers that the ailment with which he is afflicted is likely to be benefitted by recourse to one of these edifices, it is brought to the proper temperature by placing therein a large turf fire, after the manner of an oven, which is left until it is burned quite down; the door being a flag-stone and air-tight, and the roof of the house being covered with clay to the depth of a foot, prevents the least escape of the heat. When the embers of the fire are removed, the floor is strewn with green rushes, and the patient is escorted to the house by a second person, provided with a pair of blankets. The invalid places himself or herself in a chair, and there remains until a copious perspiration results. They are then removed, wrapped in the blankets, and conveyed home. The peasantry place great faith in the efficacy of these novel sudatories, which, either in a hole in the earth, or in a baking-oven, are also practised among many nations, as the Finns, the natives of Mexico, South America, etc.

We may remark in conclusion, that public establishments for bathing were long unknown in Europe. It was during the Crusades, when the East and West were brought into contact, that Europeans first became acquainted with the baths of the Asiatics, and, as the beneficial results of such institutions were too apparent to be neglected, they speedily acquired popularity. Of the entire surface of the globe, three-fourths are covered by water, the proportion showing the great objects in nature to be served. The importance of water to mankind cannot be overrated. As has been well observed the tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great Temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone, but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust, but its aqueducts and baths remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the Wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles in its rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades.

COMEDY—GLIMPSES OF MOLIERE.

In the *genre* Comedy there are many *genus*. Under the great heads of Natural and Artificial, we have the poetic-ideal comedy of Shakspeare, the satirical and moral comedy of Moliere, the old Spanish comedy of intrigue, the modern French comedy of scenic effect, and the sentimental comedy of the Germans. The dramatists of some countries have an affinity for, and concentrate their genius on the conceptions of character; others on the construction of the plot; others on the dialogue. Taking the highest examples of each dramatic school, we find that the imagination for character, in its individual form, is an attribute of the English—the delineation of manners and types of classes that of the continental. Contrast Shakspeare with Moliere. In those plays of the great poet—who has been so appropriately christened by the Greek name *Murionous*, or the Myriad-minded,—which pass under the title of comedies, such as *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*,—even *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, his most regular work of this order,—the characters, are either purely ideal, or highly idealized from life—either truthful, generic types of imaginative nature, or creations founded on a slight basis of observation and reality. In those plays in which, as in his serious dramas, the last traces of the vanishing age of feudalism and chivalry, with its passions, observances, gallantries, and graces are concentrated, wit and humour appear merely as delightful accessories to the pictures of life—love, romance, feeling, folly, reflection, tenderness—the object of the writer being to interest and charm, not to satirize. They are of a distinct species, and belong to the comic, infinitely less than to the poetic world of nature. Moliere's comedies, on the other hand, are direct pictures of passing phases of society. Although natural, too, they are wholly prosaic and conventional, satirical in spirit and aim; addressed to the intellect, not the imagination or heart; and even in a few, which seem to have admitted the introduction of other elements, the author, whose sense of moral beauty is everywhere sound and fine, has evinced his total want of the sense of poetic beauty, and his inability to portray imaginative character, even in humour, regarded in its larger sense. Glancing through the works of both writers, we recognise the difference between the comic poet of Society and the comic poet of Nature. The first brings his observation of life, his wit, sense, fancy, and art, to embody, and, by contrast, expose the follies of mankind; but, while laughing at, we never sympathize with his creations. The second, even in his humourist delineations, causes us to sympathize with their incongruities. His wit beams and dazzles without scorching; his ridicule is genial, he laughs kindly at life; his pathos becomes a part of his comedy; his tears arise from and mingle with his laughter. For creations of humour, indeed, properly so called, we must look rather to the pages of the novelist than the dramatist—to Cervantes, Addison, Sterne, Goldsmith, and several existing writers, than to Moliere, or even Shakspeare; for the Falstaff of the latter is still more a comic character

than one of humour, though, with this conception—and viewed in this light, it is one of the most marvellous tests of his genius—he has managed, despite the category of qualities of which it is compounded, to make us in some sort sympathize, by treating it naturally, instead of satirically, and it is the same with Dogberry and his other pure comic creations. In Moliere, on the contrary, in whom the spirit of pure ridicule dominates, the dry light of his understanding, the *naïve* and caustic flashes of his wit, create laughter only. The Spanish comic drama, which is a reflection of the national character, is ideal in its form and language; but, though it displays inexhaustible fecundity of plot and structure, it is remarkable for the sameness of its personages; the lover, for instance, is invariably a type of chivalry—the mistress of constancy; the parents represent inflexible honour and pride; and while all persons of high stations preserve a stilted and lofty demeanour, the lower orders are made the sole exponents of the wit and gaiety of the piece. As to German comedy, Lessing and Kotzebue may be considered as its representatives. The first was a French genius, nurtured on French literature, and reflecting its peculiarities, critical and philosophical, as well as comic, in his own language. The second was the founder of the sentimental, or so-called weeping comedy. But though his plays manifest an utter want of poetic conception of character, comic or serious, and are as devoid of any merit, purely literary, as those of Scribe, they will long remain masterpieces of dramatic structure and models of stage effect. Never were dramas more unsuited to the study or more adapted to the theatre, and in this respect they offer the strongest contrast to dramatic creations of the imaginative, or poetic order. Characters, we need not add, may be drawn with the greatest skill, and yet not be dramatic; for the art of the dramatist is not displayed in the portrayal of mental states, but in their adaptation to the purposes of the drama. Thus, as the depiction of single passions can never please or be effective, the true dramatist is obliged to invent additional features to give natural homogeneity and human individuality to his characters, and utilize such traits in forwarding the action and interest of the piece. The art of the poet supplies those traits, while that of the dramatist renders them dramatic agents in the development of the story.

Looked at in their *ensemble*, the gallery of Moliere contains the most perfect specimen of Conventional Comedy in any literature. His best plays, which are true reflexes of the passing follies and peculiarities of his age, brief abstracts and chronicles of the time, are thus history as well as satire. That France should have produced the greatest works of this description, is not singular; wit still continues the national characteristic of the Gallic Celt, the chief attribute of its representative men, the most popular element in its literature. Add to this also, that the language in its idiom and diction, is *par excellence* that of conversation. Moliere was gifted with a dramatic genius of the first order. His nature, for a Frenchman of his age, (that of Boileau,) was large; his knowledge of life extensive; his faculties, especially that of observation, penetrative, vigorous, and profound; of wit and comic fancy, his capacity was varied and exhaustless, while, as a theatrical

artist, he has, perhaps, seldom been surpassed. In no other dramatic writer do we find so many delicious ludicisms, so many of those comic turns of dialogue, which the French call *ficelles*, so natural and easy a power of painting and eliciting comic effects of scene and character in so few and unexpected touches; sometimes a line, sometimes a word, falling like a spark on gunpowder, is sufficient to realize his purpose, and explode his reader or audience in laughter. If wit, as we define it, consists in the pleasurable surprise consequent upon the perception of the relations between ideas little akin, or widely different, but arbitrarily opposed—the impression partaking partly of the truth of the reason, and combinative ideality of the fancy, and which, thus formed on a basis of sense, is half rational, half fantastic; Moliere's best scenes, above those of all other comedians, realize the idea of wit in action; but of humour, which has been well defined, wit and love—he has scarcely a trace. To Moliere attaches the merit of having created modern comedy, or that which is a reflex of actual society. Before his time the comic drama of France (with the exception of the *Menteur* of Corneille), was a mere collection of rude farces, modelled on that of the Latins, in which the comic element consisted not in character, but in buffoonery. Of that class of compositions which formed the stock pieces of the itinerant theatre of France—the *farces tabariniques*—it has, indeed, been well remarked, that the pagan laughter they produced, came not from the understanding, as in Moliere, but from the stomach. But, though some of the earlier plays of Moliere were founded on those of the Roman writers—the *Avare*, on the *Ambularia* of Plautus, and the *Fourberies de Scapin*, on the *Phormio* of Terence—the best scenes are original, and their broadest comic effects no longer arise from burlesque extravagance or fescennine wit, but on the invention of scene and dialogue, in conformity with reality and nature. *Le Festin de Pierre*, derived from a Spanish play, was, we may, *en passant*, add, the only remaining work in which Moliere sought for a model in literature; his genius rapidly matured, presently eclecticised its materials in the wide circuit of society, and if, as Nodier has remarked, the test of a great writer is that of creating a type, Moliere must be regarded as one of the foremost in literature, for he has, indeed, created a world of types; in whatever direction he turned his camera, forthwith pictures of character and social states took shape—photographs, created by the acid of ridicule, and the sunbeam of wit and understanding. Scanarele, Alceste, Agnes, Celimeni, M. Dimanche, M. Harpagon, M. Jourdan, Nicole-Scapin, Geronte, Chrysale, Trissotin, Martine, Philaminte, Diaforius, Purgon, Fleurant, M. L. Madam Sottenville—all these were distinct types of the community in which he lived, and so radically truthful is each, that all have, since his time, come to be regarded as symbols of classes. His range of satire is only limited by the affectations, follies, and absurdities of conventional life itself.

In *L'Etourdi* he ridicules the absurdities of important triflers, who then fluttered in the fashionable atmosphere of French society; in *Le Precieuses Redicules*, the absurd euphuistic jargon of the saloons; misassorted alliances of George Dandin; the tricks of domestics in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*;

connubial jealousies in *L'Ecole de Maris*; the silly quarrels of lovers in *Les Depit Amoureux*, the fopperies and affectations of men of fashion in *La Facheux*; pedantic affectation of learning in *Les Femmes Savantes*; the ignorance and dogmatism of the quack practitioners of Paris in *La Malade Imaginaire*; the assumption of aristocratic manners among the *nouveaux riche* in *Les Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in all of which the chief, and sometimes even the subsidiary personages are generic types of classes. Among his full-length comedies may be mentioned *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *Le Femmes Savantes*, in which last he reached the perfection of his comic style. The *Misanthrope*, however, is, according to French critics, the most correct of his compositions. In this play, in which Moliere represents a character of stern and intractable virtue, surrounded by the vices and follies of the world, and evincing his contempt for all sort of falseness, insincerity, and artifice in sentiments and language of brusque and uncompromising disdain, Moliere, it is said, has intensified in a dramatic form his own character. The whole piece, despite the brilliant flashes of repartee in some of the scenes, as in those between "*Alceste* and the *Coquette*, *Intrigant Celimene*, the first of whom is satirical from virtue; the second from vice, has somewhat of a sombre air, and breathes rather of the fierce and bitter atmosphere of the world of general satire, than of the laughing world of ordinary comedy. This predominating tendency of looking at life through the scene of ridicule, which is manifested in almost all his plays, appears to have rendered him in a great measure incapable of delineating its more genial phases of passion or character; thus, for instance, he has seldom delineated love. It is only in *Les Depits Amoureux* and *L'Ecole de Femmes*, in which that of courtship and marriage are portrayed, that he has painted the passion with any degree of natural grace and truth, while in all his other plays it is simply introduced to produce effects purely comic. To present evidences of the incessant play of this his supreme faculty, both in the conception of character and scene, we have but to open his volumes. We may, however, add that we cannot discover in any of his plays, repartee so witty and dazzling as in Congreve, or any scene so admirably conceived and dramatically effective as the auction and screen scenes in the *School for Scandal*; nor are any of his farces so intensely broad and exquisitely ludicrous as *Foot's Minor*; though, taken as a whole, his comic world is the most extensive and complete, created by any individual genius.

Moliere wrote before Racine had clarified and given a classical elegance to the French language; but though his diction is sprinkled with obsolete words, and though his negligences displease the taste, and some of his idioms jar upon the exact ear of modern grammarians, his versification is remarkable for its liveliness, animation, and flow, as well as point. In the healthy and genial freshness of his colourless style, its ease, sobriety, and solidity, he is unsurpassed by any succeeding writer. To him, indeed, may be applied the remark which Rivaroli makes on Dante, namely, that he paints with the verb and substantive without the assistance of the adjective. What is called fine writing he strictly avoids, and never follows the dicta of

Mr. Puff as to the means of filling up the gaps of sense by descriptions of the morning, and "all about gilding the eastern horizon." His style, flowing, flexible, and natural, is also very different from that of the modern juvenile school of French comedy, the false brilliancy of whose manner and diction resembles champagne, whose taste and sparkle does not so much depend on the vintage, as the tartaric acid and soda. It is the inseparable incarnation of idea with language, as evidenced in Moliere, which has rendered his, like all other works of individual excellence, untranslatable. Speaking of the inseparability, this vital unison and conformity of thought and style, a French critic well remarks :—"If we take away from Moliere his verse, so lively, animated, and well turned—from Fontaine his French *naïvete*, and perfection of detail—from the phrase of Corneille its vigorous sinew, sustained continuity, and fine exaggerated turns of vigour, which render the old poet half Spanish, half Roman—the Michael Angelo of tragedy—from Racine his chaste, discreet, harmonious, Raphaelistic outlines—from Fenelon, whose spirit, imbued with antiquity, rendered his prose style melodious and serene as the verse of Racine—from Bossuet the magnificent attitude and air of his periods—from Boileau his sombre and grave manner, and admirable colouring, where colour is necessary—from Pascal his creative mathematical style, distinguished so much by appropriations in the diction and logic in the metaphor—in fine, take away from any of those great writers, their style, and each of their works will resemble a translation of Homer by a schoolboy." 'Tis style which gives duration and immortality to the work of the poet—the fine expression at once embellishes and conserves the thought—is at the same time its ornament and armour—is to the idea what the enamel is to the teeth :—design and style—neither of which interferes with spontaneous fancy or nature—form the basis of literary renown. They are the keys of the future—without them writers may attain momentary success, but neither true glory, conquest, or laurels.

To produce illustrations of Moliere's satirical faculty, his power of exhibiting unconscious traits of absurdity in character, etc., etc., would be endless. Let us select a few examples of his comic manner, much of which, we may add, is inseparable from the untranslatable idiomatic turns of the language. Take *L'Amour Medicin*. In the first scene, a citizen, Scanarelle, who has lost his wife, has a daughter Lucinda, who, for some reason he is unable to fathom, has fallen into a settled melancholy. Scanarelle calls his friends together, Messieurs Josse and Gulieme, who happen to be—the one a jeweller, the other a maker of tapestry, and with a neighbour Anneta, entreat them to consider what means can be adopted to restore his daughter to spirits. Monsieur Josse, the first appealed to, offers his unaffected advice as follows :—

"For me, Scanarelle, I am of opinion that your daughter's melancholy arises from your having stinted her in dress and ornaments. I, therefore, my friend, seriously counsel you to procure her without delay, a handsome garniture of diamonds, rubys, and emeralds."

"And I," says M. Gulieme, "if I were in your place, would procure her

pretty suit of tapestry hangings, which, placed in her chamber, could not fail, I am convinced, to refresh her spirits."

"As to me," says Anneta, "I do not stand on ceremony, and so advise you, as quick as possible, to marry her to the first lover who demands her hand."

Whereupon Scanarelle says:—"All your advices are certainly admirable, but I find each a little interested. You, Monsieur Josse, are a jeweller, and you counsel as becomes a man who wishes to make sale of his merchandise; you Gulienne, have a piece of tapestry, for which you cannot find a customer: while as to you, Anneta, your lover, they say, has a penchant for my daughter, and you are generously anxious to find her another. So Messieurs and Mesdames, you all counsel a *la mode*."

In *Le Malade Imaginaire*, Moliere represents an hypochondriac, Argan, the chief delight of whose existence consists in taking medicines. In the first scene he appears seated at a table covered with phials, the contents of which he has taken, and which he fondly classifies, reading off the labels which indicate the immense quantity of carminatives, emolients, sedatives, laxatives, he has consumed, and while dwelling with exquisite gusto on the flowery language of the pharmacopœia, cutting down the bills of his friend M. Flenrant, the apothecary. In thus representing Argan of a saving turn, Moliere adds greatly to the humour of the character; for it would be impossible for him to enjoy the great pleasure of his existence if he were not a strict economist. After getting through a number of bottles, commenting on them with great relish, and reducing the price of each, he comes to—"A cordial and preservative potion, composed of twelve grains of bezoaid, syrups of lemon, and grenade—six livres. I am your servant Monsieur Fleurant, but softly, content yourself with four francs, if you please?" And after summarizing the number of medicines he has taken the last month and the preceding, and finding that the medicine bottles of the last are less by half a dozen than the former—reflects a moment, and says, this accounts for his not being so well this month as the former, characteristically adding: "*Je le dirai a Monsieur Purgon, afin qu'il mette ordre à cela.*" As the play proceeds, we find Argan wishes to marry his daughter to a young pedant, a physician, in order that he may have some one to prescribe for him constantly at hand; and the scheme failing, it is suggested to him to become himself a physician, in order to insure that great object; which is happily effected in the last scene, when he receives the diploma of the faculty in a mock ceremony, on condition of his asseverating that, whether right or wrong, he will never prescribe any other medicines than those ordered by the ancients. The *Malade Imaginaire* is said, above all his other farces, to be that which most excites laughter in a French audience.

The *faiseurs de clefs*, as the French call discoverers of the originals of characters, tell us that the physician, ridiculed by Moliere under the name of M. Purgon though a quack of the day, was a pleasant sort of character, who took lightly the satire of the French Aristophanes. After seeing the play written to clear the medical profession of his caste, he said—Moliere and I consult together, and he orders me remedies which I do not take, and so prosper. The idea of the last scene of the *Malade Imaginaire*, in which

the quacks induct Argan into the profession—examining him in a ludicrous bog latin chorus, as to his treatment of various diseases—to which his constant and only reply is

Clysterium donare
Postea seignare
Ensuita purgare, etc.,

is taken from the 11th book of "Francion," a romance, by C. Sorel, contemporary of Scaron.

In one of his full-length comedies, *Le Femmes Savantes*, written to ridicule, the affectation of learning and science which characterized Parisian society, after the explosion of the Hotel de Rambouillet, there is a famous scene between Armanda and Philamante (the learned ladies), Trissotin (a gallant), and Vadius (a pedant). After Trissotin reads a sonnet of his composition, which is received and, commented on by the others in a litany of remarks, expressive of exaggerated admiration, he introduces Vadius, whom, among his other learned qualities, he praises for his acquaintance with the Greek language. The two ladies cry out—"Greek! Oh, heaven! he knows Greek, sister!" and, in the intensity of her enthusiasm, Philamante forthwith embraces him, "for the love of Greek!" Upon which Vadius turns to Henrietta (the common-sense foil of the female trio), for the purpose of offering her an embrace, which she eludes, saying—"Excuse me, monsieur; I do not know Greek." Trissotin then eulogises Vadius as a prodigy both in verse and prose, and adds that, if they so wish it, he will read them one of his compositions. Upon this, Vadius, assuming a critical air of thoughtful diffidence, says:—

"It is indeed an universal fault among authors to obtrude their productions and tyrannize in conversation. Meet them where you will—in the Palais Royal, at court, in the streets, or at table,—there they are, reciting their execrable verses; seizing on the first person they meet, and holding him by the ears until he flatters them. Now, nothing can be more absurd than this, nothing more disagreeable. Why cannot literary men deport themselves like others? For me, I hold such conduct to be utterly unworthy any man of sense, and I am entirely of this opinion of the Greek, who, by an express dogma, prohibiting this contemptible custom. In a word, I am among those who hold this sort of thing to be utterly distasteful, unpardonable, and even outrageous. . . . By the way, now I think of it, here are some little verses of mine, written for young lovers, on which I would fain have your opinion."

(Takes out a bundle of papers.)

The conclusion of this scene also, in which Trissotin and Vadius compliment each other, until the latter, proceeding to denounce a sonnet, of whose authorship he is ignorant, and which is a composition of Trissotin's, both forthwith assail each other in invective, as strong as the previous mutual praise—is excessively ludicrous. All those plays exhibit the ready powers of comic invention, the unconscious traits of absurdity, the laughable surprises, and dry, short, turn of expression, which distinguish this dramatic wit.

The *Affected Ladies* (*Precieuses Ridicules*) is one of his best satirical

comedies, in one act. It was during the performance of this, one of his earliest pieces, written to ridicule affectation of learning, which came in and lasted as long as the fashion of wearing fringed gloves, that an old Parisian, rising in the pit, exclaimed—"Courage, Moliere! this is true comedy!" The plot of this short play is necessarily simple. Georgibus is an honest citizen, whose daughter and niece, Madelon and Cathos (names which they have assumed instead of their own), lately arrived from the country, are intensely anxious to pass off as fashionables of the first water, and who have picked up the euphuistic jargon of the saloons for that purpose.

They have two lovers, La Grange and Croissy, both of whom are gentlemen unaffected by the prevailing mode of the day—a circumstance which renders them utterly distasteful to both ladies. As the latter reject their suit, La Grange and Croissy, in revenge, send their valets, dressed up as marquises to pay the court, and it is through one of them, Mascarille, that the chief satire of the piece is worked out. The first scene in which he appears, he is on his way in a sedan to visit Les Precieuses, and we find him denouncing the porters as wretches unaccustomed to attend on persons of quality, and for having, by their haste, "seriously exposed the embonpoint of his feathers to the inclemency of the pluvious season." Arrived he pays his court to the ladies, in the exaggerated jargon of the period, and is answered in similar style, after the group have seated themselves on the "conveniences for conversation," as they call chairs. Then follows the amorous scene in which he reads, and elaborately comments upon, an absurd sonnet, a scene—which Addison has copied in one of the *Spectator* papers.

Mascarille, suddenly recollecting an impromptu sonnet, which he made the day before at a duchess's, a friend of his, requests the attention of the ladies, Cathos and Magdalen, and proceeds to read and criticize the following exquisite production.

Mascarille reads :

"Oh! oh! quite off my guard was I,
While no harm thinking,
You
I view :
Sudden your eyes
My heart surprise —
Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, I cry!"

"Cathos.—Ah, heaven! that is carried to the upmost point of gallantry."

"Masc. (*carelessly*).—All that I write has the air of the gentleman, and does not savour of the pedant."

"Mag.—It is distant from that by above two thousand leagues."

"Masc.—Did you notice the commencement—oh, oh! This is extraordinary—oh, oh!—like a man that bethinks himself all at once—the surprise—oh, oh!"

"Mag.—Ah, I think that—oh, oh!—is indeed admirable."

"Masc.—And yet, that is nothing, as it were."

"Cathos.—Ah, *mon Dieu*! What do you say? It is impossible to esteem such exquisite touches sufficiently."

"Mag.—Doubtless; and for myself, I declare I would rather have been the author of that—oh, oh!—than of an epic poem."

"Masc. (*regarding her*).—Egad you have a good taste."

"Mag.—Eh; perhaps I've not an exceedingly bad one."

"Masc.—But come, don't you admire also? *Quite off my guard was I—quite—off—my—guard—was—I.* I minded nothing of the matter—a natural way of speaking, you understand: *quite off my guard was I; whilst no harm thinking;* while innocently, without malice, like a poor sheep, *You I view*, that is to say, I amuse myself with considering, with observing, with contemplating you. *Slily your eyes*—what do think of that word, *slily*? isn't it well selected?"

"Cathos.—Perfectly."

"Masc.—*Slily*, cunningly, as it were a cat coming to catch a mouse—*slily!*"

"Mag.—Nothing possibly can be better."

"Masc.—Hem! *Myheart surprise*—snatch it away—force it from me. *Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief, I cry.* Now, would you not just imagine that a man is seen crying out, and running after a thief to seize him. *Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief—eh?*"

"Mag.—It must be owned that turn is to the last degree witty and gallant."

"Masc.—Well, now I wish you to listen to an air I composed for it."

"Cathos.—You understand music then?"

"Masc.—I? not at all."

"Cathos.—How then have you composed it?"

"Masc.—People of quality know everything without learning anything."

"Mag. (to her sister).—Assuredly, my dear."

"Masc.—Just try if this tune is to your taste; hem, hem! *la, la, la.* The brutality of the season has furiously ruffled the delicacy of my voice; but no matter, it is gentlemanlike [*sings*:]

"Oh, oh, quite off my guard was I."

Great as Moliere's comic genius undoubtedly was, he has no pretensions to the rank of a great poet, or even of a profound humanist. A couple of readings acquaint us with his excellences, and we lay him by, for he is not endlessly suggestive, like the great creative imaginative and thinking minds of literature. In the works of the latter, read them frequently as we may, we never fail to find something fresh, and deep, and original, some image, truth, thought, or relation of ideas, hitherto unobserved. Thus it is with nature herself, in whose scenes, however familiar, we have but to observe to discover something new. Indeed, few readers of any calibre of mind are, as V. Hugo truly says, capable of grasping the proportions of Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, and thus few men in each generation make an intelligent study of them. Great minds are like lofty mountains, whose summits remain uninhabited, but which constantly dominate the horizon—towns, hills, plains, and cities are at their feet. For fifty years, twelve men only have reached the top of Mount Blanc: how few have reached the elevation of Shakspeare and Dante—how few can contemplate the immense world map which those heights discover! All eyes are, nevertheless, eternally fixed on those culminating points of the intellectual universe—mountains, whose crests are so high, that the last rays of the ages, long set beneath the horizon, are reflected on them still!

HONORIA DEANE.

A MOORLAND TALE.

BY RUTH MILLAIS.

PART I.

THE winter night was about to settle down upon the townland of Lettergesch. The setting sun was giving a faint benediction to the sad moorland sweep, its pale streaks of light making yet more lorn and desolate the mournful waves of upland that crept away into the darkening east. The night clouds drifted slowly westward, and came spreading over the sky like a great moving desert, broken here and there by an oasis of fallow lightness; those sad rifts that the eye is sure to seek, and which seem like openings into a vague world of eerie questionings and forebodings.

But the clouds spread on, the breaks narrow and disappear, the weird world closes its windows and the real earth under our feet grows very dark. In the west the clouds writhe and expand, and endeavour to blot out all trace of where the sun was, wreathing themselves into Titan palaces, towering oak forests, spired fanes, and ships with gloomy rigging, while the gleaming creeks that intersect the dusky cloud, islands, and peninsulas, grow momentarily smaller and more shadowy.

The little dim pools that lie awake all day among the mosses, like watchful eyes, have searched the vague drifts with their deep wistful gaze, till the last vista has vanished, and now slumber in the shadows of their mother earth; till by-and-bye when the moon may arise, or a star, and summon a scattered few of them from their dark rest, to watch the night through. Straining one's ear, it is possible in the stillness to catch the inward rush of the tide that struggles behind yon low, distant lie of hills to the westward, and their retreating sigh as the waves ebb, that lingers and hovers in the far shades till the hearing cannot discern at what infinitely fine point the sound ceases to exist. The rattling of stones stirred on the shingle, the falling away of waters over the hard sand, one sees in fancy as one listens. Sobbing, bleating echoes startle the blood with a chill tingle, as the plover wings over the invisible heath. And sharp upon them comes the shrill, desolate cry of the curlew perching perhaps upon those far-away wet stones that the tide is leaving. Uneasy sounds are coming now at intervals from eastward where the winds are gathering. The wintry moorland night has set in.

Honoria Deane, with her face pressed though close to her cabin window, sees and hears these things, and marks them, they are nothing new or strange to her, a page from which she has daily conned from childhood up till now her twentieth year. In her simple familiarity with the sublime, she does not know herself that her spirit is ruled by the looks and tones of that wild Nature, whose nursling she is. But they do sway her, and a strong deep soul is hers that obeys them. She is not conscious of any very exalted sen-

timents as she looks from her window; but she feels the poetry of the scene, just as she might feel the sun warm upon her cheek without questioning what the sun is.

Honoria closed the little pane, turned from her window, and stepped briskly about the house. She had been very happy all day for a reason of her own, and when it was summer in Honoria's heart, many basked in the sunshine. She was one who could not keep her happiness to herself, it must out, beaming full from her eyes, and irradiating her face, shining through a thousand little chinks in her manner of doing the most trivial actions, glancing forth in snatches of song, and lavished from her bonnie brown hand in impulsive charities to all within her reach, from the beggar-man to the cat.

Honoria's father was a farmer, considerably better off than the poor landholders of Lettergesch, for he possessed another farm in addition to the holding on which he lived with his daughter. Also his cabin was superior, having, as well as the ordinary "room" and kitchen, a loft or attic, attained by a ladder, and a byre outside for the animals; and instead of the usual sloppy entrance, a low wall ran fronting and level with the windows, enclosing a crowd of over-grown hydrangia, and surmounted by a flourish of wall flowers.

For the inside we will view it by the light of the blaze that Honoria has stirred, and which illumines the kitchen sufficiently for our purpose. The floor is earthen, and all hills and hollows. The turf fire is built on the hearth, and the wide chimney is reeking with smoke stains. So also are the bare rafters of the roof, where the cocks and hens are roosting, and whence some nets and a pucawn are dangling. There is a dresser pretty well stored with delft, and a few tin vessels shine on the walls. There is a table, and some rude benches, and last observed there is a box of hay in the corner, in which a clucking hen is taking her ease.

Honoria has baked some potato bread, and leans with one round arm against the smoke-darkened wall, above the hearth recess, in the familiar attitude of one accustomed to manufacture the daily bread of a household, and cook the same upon a griddle. Her right hand wields a knife, wherewith to turn the three-cornered "fairs" when the critical point of their browning shall have arrived. Her gown of lively print is kirtled up over her red petticoat, and her black apron is fastened tidily around her waist.

Honoria is one of those girls one sometimes meets, who, gifted with a very good share of beauty, are little remarked or admired by any but those who know them well. She has grave, dark eyes, with thick-set fringes and shadowy brows, grave dark hair, without wave or ripple, turned round her head on a comb, as is the fashion in Lettergesch and its surroundings. She has a pliant mouth, an oval cheek, and a dainty ear, half bare. Altogether it is a head of character, a steadfast head, one I should like to sketch, and should set about it with broad dashes of a soft, heavy pencil, and here and there a delicate stroke, traced in with an F. Honoria never figures as a belle, for there is something of reserve or pride, or a mingling of both, in the droop of her eyes in the chapel, and the close grasp of her father's arm

coming out, and if I love her face for my pencil's sake, the laughing youths who meet her there, admire much more yonder rosy, round-faced damsel, with the glancing eyes and coquettish turned-up nose. Those only who live within the radii of Honoria's home smiles, come under the wholesome influence of her beauty, when it is sunned and mellowed by kindness in the glad discharge of the tender charities of domestic life.

But we are considering her now, when she is bright tempered and happy. I will not promise that she is all sweetness and perfection. I believe that people of Honoria's strength and depth of feeling, have rarely attained to ever—even amiability of demeanour at so early an age, whatever experience and the habit of self-control may achieve for them in the future.

Honoria turned her fairs. The latch of the door clicked and her father came in.

Michael Deane was a tall old man, with large, strongly-marked features, and cheeks rosier than his daughter's. His eyes were bright for his age, and of that description which are wont to scatter kindness about in continual little showers of sparks, but when the light turns to ire, it comes forth in a flame, which is very apt to set all about it ablaze. He was something bent, and the hair which had retreated from the front part of his head was very white, and hung long behind his coat collar.

He hung up his Sou'-wester hat, and came to the fire. Extending his hands before the blaze, he said, "Is Willie come?"

"No," said the girl, shortly, jerking her knife about the griddle, and fidgetting the cakes to little purpose. "The sorra on him for a loiterer, he has'n't showed his face this side the mearan, I'll be bound."

Micahel shrugged his broad shoulders, chuckled, and glanced with a half-surlily fondness at his daughter.

"There you go," said he, "'tis always the worst word in your head you give that poor, dacent lad, that's been workin' months back with the sthranger. If his shada's sthrane to our thrashel, you know why he's denyin' himself the light o' your eye, and the lilt of your voice. All to make you a well-to-do wife the sooner. Shame, Honor! shame!"

Honor's dusky eyebrows tried hard to meet in a frown, but her eyes shone beneath them.

"Its all I'm sayin'," said she, "that he ought to be here afore this, an' if he is'n't soon, I'll put down the tay, an' wait no longer; an' its could quarters he'll get when he comes."

"Hoot, hoot!" said the old man, twitching round in his chair, impatiently; "'deed you'll do no sich a thing, sorra wan o' you; an' you know that as well as I do, so where's the use o' bletherin' an' blustherin'? I'm feared when you're married, you'll make the house too hot for him, poor boy!"

Honor stood tapping her foot on the hearthstone, and looking into the fire. An ineffably sweet look broke through the assumed cloud on her face, and settled on the corners of her lips, and deepened the little curved shadows under her eyes. She roused a few moments, looking brightly into futurity, through the glowing sods of turf.

"Well! well!" she said, "I never made the house too hot for you, father. I may speak a cross word when I'm vexed; but if it hurts breathin I'm sorrier for it than it had choked me. Willie's gettin' the worst o' me now anyhow," said she, with a rising colour; "only I would'nt tell that same to him."

A step rung on the stones outside. Honoria turned sharply round, with her back to the door, and became on a sudden very much engaged with the plates on the dresser. The latch clicked for the second time, and a man came in. It was Willie.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, this lover of Honoria's, with fair curly hair, and blue eyes. His step, as he entered, was more hurried than eager, and his smile was not an untroubled one, as he grasped and wrung the old man's hand. But the light was uncertain, and Michael knew no cause for uneasiness. Honor found leisure now to leave her dresser, and, glancing slyly from Willie's curling forelock to his soil-bespattered brogue, said, in a dry tone—

"Are you sure you're all there, Willie Glen? We thought, maybe, the fairies had run away with some o' you."

"What kept you, man?" said Michael. "Honor's been frettin' about you these two hours back."

"Frettin'?" echoed Honoria; "faith, it's little of that I'd do for any one. People come, I suppose, with the speed o' their own wish, an' it's not me that's goin' to hurry them."

"There, whisht, girl, you've giv' him enough. Stop your backbitin', or I'll tell him what you were sayin' a bit ago. Go off with you, an' get us the tay, an' han' Willie his cup, with a smileen."

And as Honoria passed quickly down to the room, laden with a cake-plated platter, the old man drew his stool closer to the fire, and lit his pipe.

"Draw in, lad, draw in," he said; "it's cold."

"'Tis," said the visiter. "I'm feared the winter's goin' to be hard on us."

"Ah! well," said Michael, taking the pipe from his month; "what harm? The Lord's above us."

He returned the pipe to its place, and smoked away some minutes, while neither spoke. Again he removed the pipe—

"You're dull, Willie," he said, "what's wrong, lad? Are you gettin' tired o' waitin'?" "Deed, I think the time might soon be up. It is hard an you both."

Willie's mouth twitched uneasily. It was an irresolute feature, that handsome mouth of his, for all its beauty. He crossed and uncrossed his legs, and kicked back a stray ember into the general burning.

"You see," said he, "that I'm very feared there's hard times comin', an' though I'd be anxious to marry at wanst, I'd be loath to ask a wife to share the roof with me, till I had somethin' earned towards fightin' them through. An' it's slow earnin', very slow."

The young man said this with a dreary cadence in his voice, and leaned forward his chin on his broad palm, and stared into the fire.

"Hoot! man," cried Michael, "it'd be enough for an ould one-foot-in-the-grave like me, to be fearin' and complainin' that fashion. Hav'nt I plenty to lay by for the bad times, if they do come, an' are'nt you young and strong, man? Hoot, no! you're dwinin' with the love, my boy; sure we all had our turns at that sickness. An' here's the one that'll cure you," said the old man, as Honoria stood on the hearth between them, and announced that the meal was ready.

The conversation was interrupted, seemingly to Willie's relief, and the three repaired to the room where the tea had been laid in honour of Willie's visit. A fire was burning merrily on that hearthstone, too, and a tin lamp, burning fish oil, was hung over the fire-place. The white-washed walls were covered with religious prints of glaring hues, and doubtful anatomy. The window was draped with gay chintz, so also was the bed which nearly half-filled the room. An old-fashioned buffet of painted wood stood in one corner, and its shelves were stored with odds and ends of cracked china and glass, the well-preserved treasures of Honoria's grandmother. A well-worn arm-chair stood in the far corner, by the fire, and a few chairs and little straw-bosses amply filled all the empty spaces round the walls. An old Bible, an Irish catechism, and two or three other books, including Columkill's prophecies, lay on a shelf, and these, with last Saturday's newspaper (for Michael was a politician) comprised the whole literary store of the house.

A gaily painted tray, set with cups and saucers of vivid design, garnished the small tea-table, and pewter spoons, and horn-handled knives, contributed their share of glitter to the general brilliant effect of Honoria's simple, but carefully studied arrangements. The articles thus set forth were her pride, and had been bought on sundry memorable occasions, when the bonnie little housewife, in her red cloak, and gala buckled shoon, had accompanied her father to the ten miles distant village, which was the metropolis of the mountains. The potato cakes, nicely browned and buttered, smoked in the centre of the table, with a plate of little golden scrolls by their side. The brown tea-pot occupied the place of honour on the tray, and sent forth a grateful incense to the nostrils. Honoria, all her hand-maid work completed, now sits in state, and her beaming eyes are trying to hide their superfluous light in the sugar-bowl, the cups, or any other articles which will be kind enough to receive it. Her little bit of premeditated venom spent satisfactorily, Honoria is herself again, and perfectly happy, for Willie is there.

The meal proceeded, the newspaper was brought out and placed between Michael's cup and Willie's, and Willie's attention was called to this column or that, and soon a lively discussion was going on, between Michael and some one (certainly not his guest), who did not exactly appear in the argument, but who seemed to be contradicting the old man dreadfully. As that somebody was not there in person, Willie bore the brunt of all the

storm of political enthusiasm, and listened very quietly while the affairs of Europe were settled in a way so plain and easy, that it is a pity some of its crowned-good-for-naughts had not been listening at the door, to pick up a few hints.

The meal was finished. Honoria produced a brown dish of hot water, and began tenderly washing her precious cups and saucers, now stealing an unseen glance of satisfaction at Willie's undeniable presence, and then retiring again into that dreamland, which is often with women a substitute for the outer stirring world, which they cannot share with men. When I speak of the dreams of my heroine, who was but a simple work-a-day country girl, I do not mean to present you with an absurdity by making her also a visionary or a sentimentalist. She was the very reverse of either, but women in their youth, be they gentle or simple, will dream and weave hopes and fancies into a fabric, which, at least, they come to believe must be called reality. This, especially if they have none near like themselves to whom to talk away their thoughts as they rise, but must lay them by to engender more thoughts. And all the fancies, and wishes, and wonderings, muster so strong at last, that they must have a home of their own to live in, and thus a world is created, and its creator nestles into it, and views life from her happy retreat. Alas! and alas! that this dream world of ours should have rose-tinted window panes, which get broken in, and reveal us the actual world as it is, very sad and sober, sometimes very dark and terrible.

The discussion went on between Michael and his opponent. Willie Glen joined in it just enough to keep the old man's mind from straying towards other subjects. Honoria was pleased at her lover's silence, he was awed by her father's experienced sagacity. She loved him the better for that.

By-and-bye the argument spent itself, old Michael relaxed his hold on it, and grew drowsy. Honoria's task done, but her dream not dreamed out, she fetched her knitting, and drawing a boss near her father's arm-chair, her brain went back to its silent occupation, and she wove her thoughts and her knitting needles together.

A homely enough fabric the weaver wrought, had it been held to the light. Many a gayer has been fondly finished, and worn with smiles till it has been worn out. The design is monotonous, the same thing turning up over and over again, a cottage and a hill-side, a running stream, and a distant sight of the ocean, a woman's figure watching in the doorway, a man's springing up the brae. A common-place pattern enough, and the colours are not rich, only cheery, though bright in Honoria's eyes. To be sure it is her own handiwork. Put it by, Honoria, hide it, lass, homely as is your fabric, it will never make a gown for you."

"Honor," said Willie Glen, "will you spake a word to me in the kitchen? The ould man's asleep."

"Sure, you can spake here," said Honoria, the old refractory words rising on her lips to Willie, though her heart had just been startled out of its reverie of love by the voice which was its music.

"No, I can't. I want to say somethin' that's hard to say, an' no wan must hear it but yoursel'."

Honor started by the grave, half-nervous tone, even more than the strange words, stuck her ball upon her needles and laid them by. She only waited a moment to prop her father's feet on the boss she had risen from, and then followed Willie into the kitchen. They were standing by the hearth.

"Honor," said Willie, "your father an' mine were dear friends wanst."

"Yes," said Honoria, and she drew a long breath.

"An' when misfortune laid the heavy hand on my father an' mother, an' made me a poor orphan, without roof to shelter me, an' the bailiff hardly waiting for the coffins to be taken out, Michael Deane came forward, an' took me by the hand, an' says he, 'This is my son,' and he took me to his own warm home, an' has been a father to me ever since. An' you an' I, Honor, were like brother and sister, till that evening when—when we were promised to be man an' wife. I loved you well, Honor, and I thanked Michael Deane on the knees o' my heart, when he sent me away to serve a while, an' earn a bit of money, for he promised me you an' the Letthereen farm, as the reward of my labours when the time should be out."

"Well," said Honor, trying to stave off the fears that were gathering about her heart, "I've known all this before, Willie, as you know. What-ever's behin' yet, tell't at wanst."

"It's hard to tell," said Willie Glen, uneasily. "I never would have tried, but that they shall never say I slunk away like a coward, without telling the truth, fair an' open. So I come to tell it to your own sel', for I know that you're honest and straightforward, an' would rather have the words from my own mouth. I loved you well, Honor, when I asked you to be my wife. God sees I did, an' I like you yet, but—but, there's another—another girl I love better now."

Willie makes a faltering pause, and there is a deep silence.

Why does not Honoria speak? Oh! kindly darkness, that hides the poor white face and saves the maiden's pride! Oh! kindly blaze, that slumbers on the hearth, and will not spring up and glare in the sightless eyes! Oh! cruel hearth, on which the peasant-girl's life-jewel is shattered! Kind, pitying angels, whose task it is to stand around the dying beds of men, gather near; for here is a life-struggle going on keener and darker than that of death! Call back the wandering senses, that are drifting down that black river, which has flooded around the bewildered brain. Rouse thee, Honoria! Up, girl! be brave! Death and rest are not for thee yet. Life is thy master, and urges thee to action.

Willie has ceased, and Honoria must answer, before silence convict and shame her. Where is the voice, and where are the words? It seems ages since she knew how to use either. Yet she must speak—she will. The foot is crunched into the earthen flooring, the hand is strained over the brain's throbbing roof, and the words come forth—not in heroic speech, but in the simple, homely phrase in which they are accustomed to rank themselves, falling from the country girl's mouth.

"I cannot say but you've spoken fair an' honourable, Willie Glen, an' you're goin' to get no blame from me. Your heart's your own, an' mine's mine; an' you're free to marry the wan you like best. Honor Deane 'll never stan' in your way."

Willie's chest expands and his tongue steadies.

"God bless you, Honor!" said he. "I knew it was in you to do it, though you did give me many's the sharp word. But I see now that that was because you couldn't like me well enough; an' so, it's all for the better."

Breaking heart, it will soon be over. Keep hush awhile yet, and thou shalt have utterance.

Willie went on.

"A weight's rolled off my shoulders, for I feared to face you with the truth. But, you see, I've been a good bit away beyond, an' our feelin's isn't our own, an' I couldn't help what happened. God knows, it isn't for the lucre I've changed; for she hasn't a penny, an' an ould mother to support. I have nothin' but what I can earn at labor; so that it'll be many's the weary day afore I can offer her the shelther of a roof."

There is a lull in Honoria's storm.

"Shelther of a roof!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what you mane. Havn't you Letthereen? It's a snug place, an' a purty place; an' if your love doesn't make your wife happy in it, she's not worth your pains. A woman might live her life in it, an' die happy."

It was well that was the last, or Honoria's words might have ended in a sob. She smothered and choked in silence, thankful that danger had been escaped.

"Letthereen!" echoed Willie. "Letthereen's none o' mine, Honor Deane, but your own. When I do what I'm doin' I've neither right nor call to it."

"An' if you havn't, then, no more have I. What would a lone woman do with farms an' farmin' when she's plenty without the bother? No, no, Willie Glen; father laid out Letthereen for you when he took you home. He gave it to your father's son long afore you spoke to me. Letthereen's your own, an' I've nothin' to do with it. He only put it on me like for the name o' the thing; so don't make any bones about takin' what's your own."

"Honor!" said Willie, in tones of sincere admiration, "I never knew you out an' out till now. But you don't know what you're talkin' about. The ould man's good—God bless him! but he hasn't the forgivin' heart of a woman. He'll never forget this; an' do you think he'll give his best farm, that he'd laid out with pride for his daughter's dowry, to wan that broke their word and desaved him?"

Honoria's answer rung quick upon this last. She spoke in sharp, energetic sentences, and with an intensity of restrained excitement in her voice.

"Don't say that again, Willie Glen!" said she; "don't spake that word again! It's little you know the Deanes, or you wouldn't dare to say that wan o' them would take back his gift because his daughter's been

passed by for another. I tell you the farm o' Letthereen may go to wreck an' ruin, the say may sweep it from the hill-side, before I set foot in it, or touch the lucre that comes o't. No, no; we're none o' that sort. We've plenty, so fret no more about it; an' now, good night, for it's late. Go, an' God be with you!"

"Aye!" said Willie, "it's time I was gone. I'll throuble you no longer, only just let me take a look at the ould man afore I go." He went softly to the door, and gazed in at old Michael, where he slept in his chair. He turned away, and drew his rough hand across his eyes.

"It's the last time," he said, "that face 'll ever meet me without a frown—that face that never but smiled on me, yet, 'twould be too much, Honor, to ask you to take my excuse, but if you do say a word to keep him from thinking bad entirely, God 'll bless you for it to your dyin' day."

Poor, weak, honest Willie, not able to help the step he had taken, yet, looking wofully towards its consequences. Bringing sorrow into the home that had sheltered him, and grieving sorely while he did so.

They shook hands at the door, and, with a "God speed you," parted. Honoria closed the door, and barred it with as much precision as if all the love and joy of her youth had not just passed out of it, away, for ever and ever. She was one of those people who, when they have a solitary sorrow to bear, bear it, and make no fuss, omit no wonted duty, call on no one for assistance! Knowing that sympathy is not to be had, they look not for it. Seeing no light anywhere, they only feel their way by laying their hands on familiar things, lest they fall in the darkness. Thus it was that Honoria raked her fire, covering the still red embers with heaped ashes against the morning, instead of casting herself upon the floor in her agony, lest she might die, and, neighbours gathering round, say that she broke her heart because Willie Glen deserted her. Neither did she shed tears, for Michael might see their marks, and suspect their cause, and this she had resolved, almost by instinct, not to tell him. Not yet. So she completed her odds and ends of household arrangement for the night, and then went in, and gently roused her father.

"You'll betther be in bed," said she, "it's very late, an' the fire's raked."

"Eh!" said the old man, rubbing his eyes, "I fell asleep. An' where's Willie? Is he gone?"

"Aye, Aye," said Honoria, "he had to go. He was loath to go without biddin' you good night, but he would'nt let me disturb you."

"Good boy, good boy!" yawned old Michael, "he'll come back the sooner for't. Get to bed, girlcen. It's late, an' you wrought hard all day. You're lookin' uncommon pale."

"Aye," said Honoria, "I'm tired."

To any who had known her secret, the words had a heart-wringing pathos, but Michael was not one to notice words of double meaning, or shades in tones of voice. He was fagged and sleepy, and as he crossed the kitchen, lamp in hand, to his own little room, he charged her to hurry up to her attic, and get a sound night's rest.

A good night's rest ! Rest for the weary feet that go heavily up the ladder to the cabin loft that is Honoria's chamber !—rest for the aching head that has been trying to stave off thought, and not go wild !—rest for Honoria Deane ! But sleep on, Michael ! the rafters are between you and your child, and neither you, nor any one else, shall ever know that Honoria suffers.

Honoria needs no light ; in the thick darkness she gropes her way to her bed-side. You need not drag the little curtain so fiercely across the window, Honoria, there is no moon beyond it, to rack you with her white, contented face, looking calmly afar off beyond the gulf at your feet, away to dead days whose wraiths will haunt you soon enough. And yet, be it so. There are pitying lights in the dark sky, and your sorrow is not yet mature enough to take comfort from the stars.

She sits on the foot of her bed, and, free of the burning dread of watching eyes, looks her new, strange, crushing grief in the face. Willie is gone. Is he gone never to come back ? Will she never hear the ring of his feet coming, through all the long, long life, that her full pulses tell her must be toiled over, before her twenty years shall have accumulated enough of interest to purchase her the luxury of the grave ?

"Willie !" the little curly-haired playmate, who had carried her on his back over the wet places, who had hung his tin mug beside hers on the dresser, and brought her apples in his pocket from the fair ! "Willie !" the lad who had carried her books to school, and read to her by the fire-light of winter evenings, and mended the old arm-chair like any carpenter, and made a nest for her pet hen when it broke its leg. "Willie !" the man who had nursed her father through the sickness, who had watched for her smile, and listened for her step. The great bonny fellow whom she had teased and vexed, and prided in, till all other men seemed small and mean in her eyes. Willie, who had asked her to be his wife. And, then, Oh ! then, the sunshine ! the busy, laughing, summer mornings, the hay-making in the meadow, the lazy, restful evenings ! The gladness that had wakened her in the morning, and the sweet trust that had closed her eyes at night. And how could it be that all this was in the past ? She saw it, felt it, it was hers. And yet he loved her no more, and was gone. Half her life had grown into his, and how should she call it back ? Yes, it was all her own fault, she had hidden her true, strong love, under vexing words and wilful acts. And Willie had found a gentler mate.

Poor Honoria ! that last was small comfort ! She may repeat, again, and again, that it is her own doing, but that that does not make the suffering any easier to bear she feels in her torn heart. And now arises the question,—how is she to get on with that new life which is to begin with to-morrow's sun ? She must milk the cows, and bake the bread, and eat, and talk, and knit, just as if the evening were going to bring Willie, and the idea of his coming were there to give relish to her meals, and spirit to her work. But she need not put wall-flowers in the window, nor hurry to have on her clean-starched gown at night-fall, nor stand listening on the swept hearth for feet that are never coming any more. Above all, Oh !

above all, she must never stray near Lethereen. The flowers may bloom and die, the grass may grow in a wild tangle, but never more must she follow that winding path through the heath. Oh! no. Honoria locks her hands upon her breast, and vows that never again shall a square inch of Lethereen soil be touched by the sole of her foot.

Lethereen! the dear home of her past future, the sweet place, the pretty farm, close by the sea, that Honoria loved, nestling in gold and purple upon the moorside. Wild, and rough, and bare, many would have thought it; but to the mountain girl it was a paradise. The new-lattice windows that she had been so proud and fond of, the interior of four rooms which had seemed so spacious to Honoria, the queer, dear, old chairs of painted wood, that her grandfather had left in it. All the little bright points, and advantages of Lethereen, which the happy girl had learned by heart. Many a time had she made excuses to race over, and just take a look that all were there in reality.

Lethereen with another woman baking bread upon its hearthstone, and another woman watching for Willie from its sunny door-way. All her little household gods receiving homage from that other woman. This was a picture more easy to realize than a long life spent without Willie, and Honoria's dry anguish broke forth into a passion of tears. Tears that age the heart, that wash out the trivial landmarks of childish griefs, and rain a wide ocean between the weeper and her early youth.

And so Honoria gathered herself round upon her bed, and burrowed her face into her pillow, and dawn found her sleeping the heavy slumber of grief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLOWERS OF THE MONTH.

CHORUS OF SUMMER FLOWERS.

"An odorous chaplet of sweet Summer-buds."

SHAKESPEARE.

"We will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hill and field,
Woods, or steepy mountains yield,"

MARLOWE.

Summer is near, she is here—raise your voice, longing flowers;
Sing aloud to gay Summer, ye meadows and bowers;
Groves and valleys, rejoice; rivers, fountains, and rills,
Lift your voices in song—Summer beams on the hills.

Bright and beautiful Summer! How lovely the flow
Of those ringlets that stray o'er thy breast's sunny glow!
On our lips, perfumes fall from thy redolent plumes,
And thou tinteest our cheeks with thine orient blooms.

Spring-buds have their joy ; oh ! what is it to ours,
 When Earth is one chaplet of beautiful flowers ?
 While the glory-throned sun, o'er the Western Isles,
 Stays the chariot of day, looks down fondly, and smiles.

To hail thee, loved Summer, we raise our glad song—
 Hark ! our chorus the wood minstrels sweetly prolong,
 And its echoes are ringing o'er air, earth, and sea—
 Darling Summer ! all nature is welcoming thee !

AMARANTH'S SONG.

"Immortal Amaranth."

MILTON.

"Late Autumn's Amaranth that more fragrant blows
 When passion's flowers all fall or fade."

COLERIDGE.

With fadeless wreaths I crown the brows
 Of warrior, poet, sage ;
 I am the flower to memorize
 The good man's deeds, the patriot's sighs,
 Who, dungeoned deep, for country dies,
 To every coming age.

I knew the Greek who sang of Troy,
 To his old fame I cling ;
 And for the mighty minds of old,
 Whose works are history's purest gold,
 And in her archives live enrolled,
 My leaves perennial spring.

And when a gifted child of song,
 Neglected lives and dies—
 O, blush for mankind's deep disgrace—
 Death, honour, cannot it efface,
 I, from his lampless dwelling-place
 The genius make arise.

So long as girds this wondrous world
 The circumambient sphere ;
 I, deathless Amaranth, shall bloom
 For living worth—beyond the tomb,
 When earth recalls it to her womb,
 I'll fix remembrance here.

SONG OF THE TORCH-FLOWER OF MEXICO.

"In the forests deep
Of Mexico there is a flower that glows,
E'en thro' the gloom of midnight's darkest hour,
And from within its long inwreathed bell
Pours out a stream of the most glorious light,
Dazzling the weak beholder's eye with beauty."

ANON.

"When the winds are tranced in slumber, the rays of this luminous flower
Shed a glory more than earthly o'er lake, and hill, and bower."

CLARENCE MANGAN.—(*From the German.*)

Where the huge Andes lift their heads high in our tropic sky,
And wide around their *acred* feet primæval forests lie,
Where every thing is mighty, and where every thing is grand,
From the peak of Chimborazo to the pearl-gulf's yellow strand,
In this fair clime magnificent, when radiant day is run,
The torch-flower, I, my lamp resume, to light the forests dun :
And when, thro' dim, leaf-darkened trees, scarce peeps one twinkling
star,

To guide night-wandering travellers I pour my rays afar,
And sing my song, thro' midnight long, and wave my torch of light,
And darkest hour for lone torch-flower is ever the most bright.

O, silent birds, awaken !
Ye many slumb'ring flowers,
From your closed lids be shaken
The sleep that overpowers.
The rav'ning things that harm you,
This hour entranced lie,
While soft as spirit music
My song goes murm'ring by.
O, flowers and birds, awaken,
My midnight joy prolong ;
I'll more delight the dreaming woods
Than mock-birds mimic song.

The ev'ning sun is beautiful, when from the western hills,
With a glow of purpling splendour, the breathless heaven he fills ;
While floating in mid-air, bedropped with thousand gorgeous dyes,
Caught from those golden glories, the glittering sun-bird flies.
To me is much more beautiful night's star-engirdled green,
As she, smiling, peeps from th' azure deeps upon my floral sheen ;
And she veils her own mild radiance from the dim wood's leafy shade,
And pales each star, lest its rays should mar a beam by my bright
leaves made,

Then I sing my song, thro' midnight long, and wave my torch of light,
And darkest hour for lone torch-flower is ever the most bright.

JOHN DUGGAN.

ARAN—PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

PART II.

SHORTLY after leaving Dun Aengus, we struck upon a narrow bridle-road, which led to the village of Kilronan, where our hotel was situated. At intervals, our path was obstructed by the remains of fires which had been lighted the night before—the eve of Saint John. Many scores of these beacons must have been kindled on that evening, and no doubt the custom is an ancient Druidic rite—as old as the time of the Firbolgs; but why practised on that particular anniversary has never been satisfactorily explained. It was curious to remark that these fires had been literally *bone* fires, considerable quantities of charred fragments of bone still remaining mixed up with the ashes of turf and cow-dung, which latter article is extensively used in the Aran islands, and in portions of Clare and Galway, as a substitute for ordinary fuel. In our subsequent walks, we frequently saw little heaps of the cow-dung collected together and left to dry for use. But that turf is scarce and dear on the Islands, and that there is no wood but what may chance to float ashore from wrecks, we might consider the Aranites unwise in thus misusing what, in more favoured districts, is considered a most valuable manure.

Mrs. Costello had not been unmindful of her two hungry visitors, and certainly no mutton ever seemed more delicious, no fish more splendid, than what our little table afforded that evening, and, indeed generally during our stay. There was also a very snug store of native whiskey, which, it is needless to say, had been manufactured without leave of the gauger, and brandy, too, which had come as a waif, or gift of Neptune, from some unfortunate wreck. Indeed, it is a common occurrence for casks containing foreign spirits to come ashore, with other wreck, on these wild rocks, and, of course, the Custom-House is very seldom a whit the wiser. The houses of Kilronan and other villages of Aran, at the time of our visit, seemed indebted for their wood-work to the chances of the ocean. Floors, doors, and chiefly the roofing and rafters, were composed of oak which had formed portions of many a tall ship. The holes for trenails or fastenings sufficiently indicating the original use of the timber. We do not wish for one moment to suggest, that the Aranites were even in the mildest sense of the word wreckers. These sad relics of unrecorded disaster had, perhaps, been drifting for many months over the broad waters of the Atlantic, ere they were found grinding to match-wood against the cliffs, or lying upon the sands of the eastern shores of the islands. It has sometimes occurred that plants and portions of trees unknown to Europe, and which could only have flourished in tropical climates, have been picked up along these coasts—and no wonder, for between Aran and the West Indian Islands, there exists not one rock or one single blade of grass; and the nearest neighbours to the westward, are the red men of Canada.

It is not necessary that I should furnish my readers with a regular journal of each day's proceedings. It will suffice, I trust, to notice, at greater or less length, some of the more prominent and characteristic of the monuments for which Aran is famous, and which it was our duty to measure and describe.

The Reverend Father Gibbons, then Parish Priest of the Islands, had announced our arrival to the people, and had, moreover, advised them to render every assistance during our investigation. The news of our presence spread like wild-fire, and every where we went we found humble, but often highly intelligent friends, where potatoes, fish, or milk were freely afforded for our entertainment. O'Donovan seemed quite to win their hearts by his extensive knowledge of the history of the various places we visited, and through his power of speaking the Irish language fluently. We were also indebted to the kindness of Mr. Flaberty, the venerable magistrate of the island, for many hints which proved extremely useful. This gentleman, in his judicial capacity, had rarely to pass a severer sentence than transportation for a certain term, according to the nature of the case before him, to Connemara, or to the neighbouring coast of the main land. The delinquents had no appeal, but were remorselessly shipped off as soon as the weather permitted, in the magistrate's own boat, to expiate their fault in a strange land—the nearest portion of the Irish coast! We understand that it was seldom any banished one returned before the expiration of his "time," for it was well known that such contempt of court could not long remain undetected, and would assuredly bring with it an increased measure of punishment, in the shape of a more lengthened period of exile.

The next great object of interest which we examined was Doo-Caher, or the Black Fort, situate on the western side of Aran Mor, in the townland of Killeany. This extraordinary work O'Donovan considered to be the most ancient remain upon the islands, and to date from the time of the first Firbolgian occupation, that is to say, from a period of upwards of a thousand years before the Christian era. This is, no doubt, a very respectable degree of antiquity, and is, probably, not over-estimated, for, upon comparing the masonry of Doo-Caher with that of Dun-Engus, and Dun-Connor, historical forts which are known to date from the first century A.D., we find the former to be much more barbaric. The plan of Doo-Caher is very simple. A small promontory of rock has been fortified by a wall of immense strength and thickness, constructed in the form of a bow 220 feet long, and 16 feet thick, extending from cliff to cliff across its neck. The sides of this promontory, or peninsula, are either perpendicular, or overhang the ocean, which here, within one foot of the cliff, at Poulgorm, or the Blue Hole, as a native informed us, is deep enough to cover the topmasts of the largest ship. Within this enclosure we counted the ruins of about twenty cloughans, or bee-hive houses, generally of a circular or oval form, and measuring about 12 feet in diameter. Only one remained with its roof tolerably well preserved, but Petrie had informed us that, at the time of his visit, a considerable number might be seen quite perfect. A few of the huts appeared to have been of an oblong form.

We had thought, when at Dun-Engus that nothing could exceed the desolation of the scene; but standing here, amid the very homes left by the earliest people of whom we possess any record in Irish history, contemplating the mighty wall which they had placed between them and the Tuatha-de-Danaan conqueror, we were impressed with a feeling deeper than any which we had yet experienced in Aran. And yet, how fragile and modern were these works of human hands compared with the awful rocks upon which they stood! Numerous strata of lime-stone, each about sixty or seventy feet thick, and piled one upon another, had been upheaved from the ocean, or the ocean had receded from them; and each course must, at some remote geological era, have formed the bed of an ocean, as the presence, nearly all through, of numerous fossil remains of marine animals, that had once lived and moved, sufficiently indicated.

Leaving Doo-Caher, we travelled along the cliffs, in a northerly direction, in search of cloughans, which we had reason to believe lay about a mile or so distant. Presently we espied some singular looking objects moving towards us, but what they exactly were it was not at first easy to determine. Upon a nearer approach, we discovered that the subjects of our curiosity were natives engaged in the capture of birds. Each wore round his person several bands of skin or twine, between which and his body the heads of captured sea-fowl were inserted, and so great had been the slaughter, that the men severally presented the appearance of a huge bundle of feathers. The mode in which the islanders capture the prey is as follows:—A party of six or eight men, armed with a stout rope, many fathoms in length, proceed to a portion of the cliff where birds are generally most abundant. The rope is securely attached to the waist of one, while the others, standing near the edge of the cliff, let down the intrepid fowler, who oscillates in mid air just as, upon a small scale, we may see a spider suspended, by his web from the ceiling, swaying to and fro, with a breath of air. The occupation is not unaccompanied with danger, for, after descending a certain distance, the human termination of this great pendulum must exert every effort of nerve and eye, and often of mere muscular strength, to fend off, as sailors would say, from protruding rocks, against which currents of air might brain him. He treads the atmosphere, as a swimmer the water, at the same time using his hands, or feet, or both, just as a fish employs its fins. Upon reaching a ledge of rocks, perhaps midway down the side of the precipice, he examines all the crevices within reach, from which he extracts the poor confiding puffins. One twist in the neck settles their fate, and when as many birds have been slung as the belts can carry, the fowler signals to be hauled up. As great precaution against accident is required in the ascent as in the descent; but where the face of the cliff is tolerably smooth, and not overhanging he, fly-like, coolly walks up its side, the rope sustaining his body in a nearly horizontal position. At the time I write of, and I believe to this day, a very considerable trade in the feathers thus procured is carried on between the Aranites and the "marine store" men and peddlers of the coasts of Clare and Galway. Habit, no doubt, inures men to this seemingly perilous trade. To me it

appeared strange how any one could, for the sake of a few pennyworth of feathers, trust his existence to the strands of a not over-trustworthy looking line, and allow himself to sway hither and thither, over an angry ocean, which rolled and burst so far below, that the voice of any one particular wave could not be identified amid the awful chorus.

This portion of the Island—for a considerable distance inland—is singularly honeycombed by the action of the Atlantic. Here and there, at even a distance of an eighth of a mile from the cliffs, may be seen apertures in the layer of limestone which covers the greater part of Aran. These fissures communicate with caves situate, perhaps, many fathoms below the surface; and it is curious, standing upon what appears to be solid rock, to hear the ocean heaving and growling in the inaccessible caverns beneath. Some of these openings, commonly called "puffing holes," might be covered with a hat; others are of considerable diameter, and through nearly all of them, during a storm from the westward, the sea shoots up in fitful jets, which very much resemble the blowing of a whale.

From the number of ruined cloughans in the vicinity of Doo-Caher, it would appear that the constructors of the fort did not usually reside within its defences. They probably made it a rallying point during some sudden predatory attack. From the old fort, a smart walk over the rocks, which, strange to say, seemed covered with an endless profusion and variety of wild flowers, (one ancient name of Aran was "Aran of the Flowers,") brought us to the cell of Saint Benan, or Benignus, which is situated upon one of the most conspicuous heights of the island. The church, an undoubted relic of the sixth century, wants little more than its roof to render it as perfect as ever it was. It measures only ten feet ten inches in length, by six feet ten inches in breadth, and was originally roofed with stone. Unlike other structures of its class, it faces north and south, but the only window it possesses was placed in the east side-wall. The masonry is truly cyclopean, one stone in the western side forming nearly one-third of the whole wall. Adjoining the church are the remains of the saint's cloughan in a great state of ruin; and at a little distance may be seen a rude cashel, containing the remains of several bee-hive houses, which were probably used by the monks of old. A monumental stone, the only remains of the kind at Saint Benan's, bears the simple inscription "*cari*;" but to whom the stone was inscribed, can never probably be ascertained.

The view from this elevation is truly grand. To the northward extend the Connemara mountains, amongst which the twelve pins, or Binns, are conspicuous. On the slope of the declivity, at a little distance to the east, is the old citadel of Arkin, "in the usurper Cromwell's time erected," according to O'Flaherty. The adjoining village of Killeany formerly contained the parish church Teampull Mor Enda, and six other churches, no vestige of which can now be traced, the venerable buildings having been destroyed for the sake of their materials, at the time of the building of the fort. The stump of the round tower of Saint Eney, or Endeus, still remains, and in its style of masonry affords a striking, and we would add,

highly instructive contrast to the pagan work, as found in the forts and dughan's of the neighbourhood.

St. Eney, a scion of the royal house of Oriall, a district in the north of Ireland, had been a soldier in his youth. Converted through the teaching of his sister, Fanchea, he proceeded to Rome, whence he returned, it is said, with 150 monks, and settled at Killeany, where he died about A.D. 542.

The little church, or mortuary chapel, called *Teglach Enda*, situated upon the sandy beach, at a short distance from the village, is undoubtedly as old as the time of the saint. In the style of its masonry, and the form of its eastern window, we have perfect examples of the oldest Christian work to be found in western Europe. The cemetery adjoining contains the aberla, or grave of St. Eney, a small oblong structure, destitute of any kind of ornamentation, and round which, according to tradition, are interred the bodies of 127 saints. This cemetery was considered the most sacred place in Aran, and, it is said that none but saints were anciently buried here.

The garrison which Cromwell planted at Killeany seems never to have been recalled. It was probably forgotten in the confusion of the time and not a few of the native families of Aran are reported to descend from the Ironsides. Upon the rocks near the fort are carved many sets of lines, forming squares and other figures, which had been used by the soldiers in some kind of game, with which, no doubt, they would wile away many a weary, anxious hour.

It is a curious fact in connection with Aran generally, and especially with the eastern portion of the island, that the numerous cemeteries, and the ground adjoining them, appear to have been literally sown with pins of bronze. Many hundreds must, from time to time, have been discovered. During our walks on the great island alone, I procured no fewer than twenty specimens, many of them highly ornamented, in a style that proved their very great antiquity. I believe that they had been used as fastenings for grave clothes, and had been buried with the remains of distinguished persons during the period between the fifth and twelfth centuries. It is a singular fact, that there was no account of the discovery of any metallic object of antiquity, except the pins, and a bronze hook-shaped article, found at Dun-Engus. Throughout Ireland quantities of pins of bronze, and sometimes of bone, are usually found in connection with our ancient cemeteries, as at Clonmacnoise, Clonard, and elsewhere, but no district has yielded so many specimens as Aran.

Next to Killeany, the place of greatest ecclesiastical importance in ancient times upon the great island was Teampull Breacain, or the Seven Churches. This was the chief establishment of the celebrated Saint Breacan, whose name is associated with the Episcopal Church of Ardbraccan (the height of Breacan) in Meath.

The name of "Seven Churches" occurs very frequently in Irish topography. We have it at Glendalough, Clonmacnoise, St. Molins, Iniscealtra, Scatterry Island, Kilbarry, Loghin Island, and other places. But in most of these localities the number of churches was more than seven, a fact which would do away

with the idea that the early ecclesiastics attached any importance to the mystical number—Seven. Yet, whence the name? Of the group of sacred edifices which anciently stood here but one, the Damhliag, or great Church of Saint Breacan remains in a fair state of preservation. This most interesting structure consists of a nave and choir connected together by a very beautiful semi-circular arch, formed of cut stone. A considerable portion of the body of the church must date from the sixth century, but the building had evidently been remodelled in the thirteenth, when the chancel, including the arch, was added. The measurements are—length, 56 by 18 feet 4 inches upon the inside. Adjoining the church is the saint's tomb, and at the time of Petrie's visit a monumental stone, bearing the inscription "Ci Breacan," existed. This interesting memorial of the sixth century has disappeared, having been stolen by some curiosity seeker, whom I am uncharitable enough to wish the Aranites, had now in their hands. "This monumental stone," writes Petrie in his work upon the Round Towers, "was discovered about forty years ago, within a circular enclosure, known as Saint Breacan's Tomb, at a depth of six feet from the surface, on the occasion of its being first opened to receive the body of a distinguished and popular Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic, who made a dying request to be buried in his grave. Under the stone within the sepulchre was also found on this occasion, a small water-worn stone of black calc or lime-stone." The latter is preserved in Dr. Petrie's museum and bears the inscription "*Or ar Bran N'aillether,*" a prayer for Breacan the pilgrim. "Similar stones, but not inscribed, are frequently found" writes Surgeon Wilde, "upon the *Ulodhs* or penitential altars, and on those of the small Missionary Churches, particularly in the West of Ireland and the adjoining islands, or sometimes placed upon the pedestals of ancient stone crosses."

In the life of St. Deglan, a MS. preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, we read—"That being on his way from Rome, he stopped in a certain church to say Mass, and while there, a small black stone was sent from heaven through a window, and rested on the altar before him, and he gave it to Loonan, son of the King of Rome, who was with him, and the name it has in Ireland is *Dubh-Deglain* from its black colour, and it still remains in St. Deglan's Church at Ardmore, county of Waterford." This curious relic has recently been discovered, and has been engraved in the pages of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society. O'Donovan was sadly disappointed in not finding St. Breacan's monument, and we had passed several hours looking for it before we were informed of its removal. The old grave-yard contains two other inscriptions, one of which is particularly interesting, though not giving any name. It is simply "*VII. Romani.*" The Seven Romans. How this inscription corroborates the statement of old writers, that Aran was resorted to as a seat of sanctity and devotion, not only by Irishmen but by students from beyond the sea. The other inscription: "*Or ar Mainach,*" desires a prayer for Mainach, a name now generally Anglicised Mooney. At the time of our visit several fragments of curiously decorated stone crosses might be seen knocking about the churchyard.

These have been collected and arranged by Surgeon Wilde and S. Fergusson, Esq., and now afford objects of very considerable interest to archaeologists. Of the other churches, which made up the number seven at St. Breacan's, very considerable remains exist, but their doorways and windows are usually destroyed. A wall with a battlemented parapet surrounded the group. Having already described the great historical fort of Dun-Engus, I may be allowed to give but a passing notice of some other buildings of its class and age which are to be found in the north-eastern part of the principal island, but which are not known by any especial name beyond that of the townland in which they occur. Dun-Eoghaneacht, pronounced Onagh, lying not far from Saint Breacan's, is a very perfect specimen of the Firbolgian stronghold. It is nearly circular, and measures about 90 feet in diameter. The wall, like that of the majority of the Aran forts, is of triple construction, the entire thickness being 15 feet, while its height, where nearly perfect, may measure 16 feet. Here, as in others of the principal duns of the district, we find the flights of stone steps leading to the parapet of the wall. Unfortunately the upper portion of the doorway, which was placed on the south-east side, had been destroyed, but we ascertained its breadth to be three feet four inches at the base. Here it was that O'Donovan gave a tremendous lecture to the rabbit hunters who had committed such depredations at the other forts, by throwing down portions of the uncemented walls to get at their prey, and who here seemed but slightly baffled by the superior construction of the work, which is composed of unusually large stones.

Another fort in this neighbourhood, Dun-Oghill, must be looked upon as a splendid specimen of its class. Unfortunately, its original name has been lost, but it must once have been considered as a place of high importance, commanding as it does, one of the finest and most extensive views to be had from the island. Within its area stood the light-house of Aran, a very complete structure, furnished with all the improvements at that time known, and which were kindly exhibited and explained to us by the keepers. These poor men, with the exception of Father Gibbons, Mr. O'Flaherty, and a resident gentleman named O'Malley, were the only persons upon the island, who, even upon Sundays, appeared in any other dress than the frieze, of home-make. They were drowned, as I heard, some years ago, when on a voyage to Galway, by the swamping of their hooker during a squall from Blackhead.

We have seen the forts and even the dwelling-houses of the Aranites of Pagan times. How the ancient people disposed of their dead we know not, though a few sepulchral chambers of the kind called "*Cromlech*," may still be found upon the islands. They are here, as I believe all over Ireland, styled "*Leaba Diarmada agus Grainne*," or the bed of Dermot and Grace. According to a legend very generally received amongst the Irish, Diarmuid O'Dubhine eloped with Grainne, who was wife to no less a personage than Finn MacCoul—the Fingall of old Irish romance. Diarmuid is supposed to have erected these curious chambers as secure sleeping places for himself and his partner during their guilty flight, which is said

to have lasted for a year and a day; so that, according to this theory, the number of cromlechs in Ireland should be 366. There is no reason to suppose that in any instance a single article manufactured of metal has been found in connection with the cromlech. We know from Cæsar, that the Britons, about the time of the erection of some of the Aran forts, were well acquainted with iron and other metals. It is not likely that the Firbolgs and other tribes in Eriann were inferior to the nations of the "sister isle," in the manufacture of weapons for war or the chase, and as weapons and personal ornaments in pagan times were usually deposited with the remains of the dead, we may infer that the cromlechs are older even than the Firbolgean era. In connection with the stone chamber, whether Kistvaen, cromlech, or greater sepulchre, only instruments of stone or bone have been found,—the former almost identical with manufactured articles sometimes discovered in the geological formation styled "*drift*."

After the Seven Churches, perhaps the most important group of early Christian remains existing on Aran—more is to be found at Mainister Connaughtach, to the north of the village of Kilronan. Saint Kiernan, the founder, dwelt here previous to his mission to the mainland, where his chief establishment was the celebrated Clonmacnoise, in the King's County. Of the original church no remains that can be identified exist, the present structure, which we believe to be the finest upon the island, showing the architectural peculiarities of the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. Its eastern window, which is semicircular, exhibits the enclosed sides so peculiar to early Irish work, and a set of very curious mouldings. The crosses here, no doubt, belong to the time of Saint Kieran, and probably indicated the bounds of the ancient sanctuary. Teampull Assurney, adjoining, was fourteen feet six inches in breadth, by twenty feet in length; but, owing to the comparative inferiority of its masonry, it lies a complete ruin. Eastward from the church, at a distance of about twenty paces, may be seen the well called Bullaun na Sourney; and the aherla, or grave of the saint, now in a very dilapidated condition.

In the same neighbourhood, we visited *Teampull Ceatrair Aluinn*, or the church of the four beautiful saints, who, according to Colgan, were Fursey, Brandon, of Birr—Conall, and Barchann. Fursey was the founder of the abbey of Lagny, on the Marne; "and no one," as Ferguson writes, "walking through the beautiful aisles and cloisters of that once sumptuous establishment could suppose that so much ecclesiastical grandeur took its rise from these little Irish *cellule*. Still, more surprise would the visiter, to the splendid French foundation experience, were he told that Fursey's attachment to his Irish hermitage had brought him back to spend the evening of his life on those rugged crags, and to seek a grave under the rude pillar stone which, at a little distance, marks the sepulchre of the four beautiful saints."

This huge monument is quite pagan in character, rude and uninscribed; and close to it are four smaller stones, which, according to the tradition of the place, mark the four graves.

Like Saint Kieran, of Clonmacnoise; Saint Mhic Duach, the founder of Kilmacduch near Gort, appears to have received his early training in Aran,

where, at Kilmurvey, his original church, together with several other buildings of the establishment, still remain. The church called *Teampull Mhic Duach*, the grandest specimen on the island of the oldest Christian style of architecture, consists of nave and choir, and measures in length thirty-six feet ten inches, by eighteen feet six inches exteriorly. The doorway, which is quite in the Egyptian style, sometime before our visit very narrowly escaped destruction, a Scotchman having attempted to remove its lintel, which measures five feet one inch in length. The utilitarian vandal, according to the statement of the islanders, had inserted his hand to an interstice, for the purpose of aiding the removal of the coveted stone, when it was supernaturally seized from within, and not released till the would-be despoiler had solemnly sworn to abandon his unholy purpose. The entire of the nave, with the exception of a comparatively modern parapet, is unquestionably original. The chancel is later, though still of high antiquity.

It is not necessary here to notice the other portions of Saint Mhic Duach's monastery, as the buildings are in a state of complete ruin.

After several days of incessant walking and jumping over rocks as hard as files, our shoes had come to a lamentable plight. What was to be done? There was no shop or store, where others could be procured, so I proposed to go, like the natives, in a pair of brogues—there called "*pampootes*"—made of raw hide, and laced at the heel and in front by cords, or by thongs of the same material. These are, no doubt, the kind of foot-covering anciently worn by the Irish; and at first they seem comfortable enough, but they have one disadvantage, which particular persons might object to—that is, that they must always be worn wet, or at least damp, otherwise they become quite hard, and cut the feet. However, there was nothing for it but to wear these primitive articles of dress, or go barefoot.

And now the time had arrived when we must visit Inis Maam, or the Middle Island: and, as no hooker was to be had, we engaged a curragh, or boat, made of wicker-work, covered with canvas, well tarred. These primitive vessels, at the time I speak of, had, until recently, been covered with a cow's or horse's hide; but the canvas had been found cheaper, and was now very generally used. To this day similar skin-covered boats may be seen upon the Boyne, at Drogheda; while upon the other side of the bridge glide stately screw and paddled steamers, decorated with mirrors and gildings. Ireland is, indeed, a country of contrasts. The Aran curragh is said to be an excellent sea-boat. When a gale comes on, the rowers, generally three in number, keep the boat's head to the wind, and she rises like a blown-bladder, upon waves that would try the strength of a "Monitor." When we arrived at the nearest shore of Inis Maam two of the fishermen easily lifted the craft, that had carried six of us some miles on the mighty swell of the Atlantic, upon their heads, and deposited it in a yard attached to a cabin near the landing-place. This was a very necessary precaution; as a sudden gale will sometimes, in a few minutes, blow away some scores of these airy vessels, which may be compared to elongated and inverted umbrellas.

Our first object of interest was the great historical fort of Dun Connor,

or Conchovar, which is named after one of the three brothers who settled in Aran, in the days of Queen Maeve. This immense work, which remains almost entire, is of an oval form, measuring 227 feet in diameter, from north to south, and 115 feet from east to west. Its wall, where most perfect, is 20 feet in height, and 18 feet thick at the base. Upon the interior there are several flights of steps, leading to the upper works. One side of the fort is guarded by an almost perpendicular precipice, the other by a second wall, at the north-east side of which stands a quadrangular fort, measuring 73 feet by 51.

It is not necessary to describe Dun Conchovar at greater length, as it possesses no peculiarity beyond its great size and strength.

In its neighbourhood stands the ruin of Kilcannanogh, a most complete and interesting cell of the sixth century. Who Saint Cannanogh was is not sufficiently known, but there has for centuries been a tradition that he was a Saint Gregory. One stone extends the whole breadth and thickness of the eastern end. The doorway is square-headed and the east window triangular. The roof, of which a portion remains, was of stone. Near the church, as usual, we found the *aheria*, or saint's grave, and adjoining it his holy well. At the time of our visit a funeral procession was passing round the bounds of the old cemetery. The corpse is always carried three times round, and the weird song of the *keeners* had an extraordinary effect in that desolate place. Presently we were waited on by some of the funeral party, who, upon a large wooden plate handed us two new pipes, tobacco, snuff, a bottle of potteen, and a small vessel of wood to drink out of. We thought it wise to accept readily the hospitality of the poor people, as our compliance with their wishes would please them, and do us no harm.

In this neighbourhood we examined the remains of two other churches, one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the other called "*Tempull Seacht Mic Righ*," or the Church of the Seven Sons of the King. They are in a very ruinous condition, and therefore, of but little interest.

But, for fear of the editor, who might think this paper too long. I would gladly glance at some other Pagan and Christian antiquities upon Inis Maam.

A second curragh voyage brought us to "*Inis Oirir*," now Inisbeer, on the South Island. Here, in the midst of a huge Fírbolgian Dun, stands a mediæval castle of the Clann Teige, O'Brien, consisting of a strong square tower, built on three vaults, and measuring about forty-three feet, 5 inches, by 26 feet at the base. It is 30 feet high, and had originally three stories. "Between this clan and the merchants of Galway," writes Mr. Haverty, "a regular contract was entered into, by which the former bound themselves to protect the commerce of the latter from pirates, for a certain stipulated number of butts of wine, etc. Perchance these very vaults contained the wine, a commodity, by-the-by, which seems anciently to have been much more plentiful in Galway than in modern times. Perhaps the merchants were only prudent in taking the clan into their pay, for, if it could contend with robbers and pirates, it had the power, no doubt, of making an occasional haul on its own account. There was much latitude in the rights of *meum* and *tuum*, in early days, and more particularly in remote districts.

Of all the antiquities upon the eastern island, beyond all question, the Church of St. Kevin, called in Irish *Teampull Choeinhain*, is the most interesting and beautiful. It consists of a nave and choir, the former unquestionably a relic of the time of the saint, who flourished in the early part of the sixth century, and who was brother to Saint Kevin, whose great foundation of Glendalough, in the county Wicklow, was long famous as a seat of religion, literature, and hospitality. The nave is certainly original, and bears many features in common with the oldest antiquities of the Christian Church; but the exquisitely designed choir arch points to the close of the twelfth, or the early part of the thirteenth century. The bed, or grave, is here also—a small, oblong enclosure, which would long ago have disappeared, but for the reverence with which every spot connected with the history of the saint is regarded.

Like Peranzabuloe, or Keirans'-of-the-Sands, in Cornwall, a British Church of Irish origin, the founder being no less a personage than Keiran, of Aran and Clonmacnoise, this beautiful building seems likely to be buried in the sands, which now almost over-top its side-walls upon the exterior. The eastern window is a beautiful specimen of early pointed work, and is, no doubt, of the same age as the lofty and finely proportioned choir arch. Leaving St. Kevins, we proceeded to the only other church of interest upon Inisheer, viz., the seventh century chapel of St. Gobnet. This curious little cyclopean edifice measures only thirteen feet by nine. Its square-headed doorway, and semicircular-arched east window, form admirable studies for the architectural antiquary. It will interest some of our readers to know that St. Gobnet was also the founder of Kilgobbin, near Step-a-Side, County Dublin, where, though the church has been rebuilt into comparatively modern times, a fine old stone cross of the original establishment remains.

We have now seen, examined, and measured almost every object of interest upon the three islands. O'Donovan's business recalled him to Taylor's Hill, where much of the notes we had taken at Aran were arranged, and introduced in letters addressed to Lieutenant, now General, Sir Thomas Larcom, who then superintended the Irish survey. I was directed to remain, in order to complete some work which, owing to stress of weather, we had but partly finished. A week or ten days brought us once more together, under the hospitable roof of the "Historian of Galway." The return had almost proved my last voyage, for when off Blackhead, our hooker was struck by a squall, which came so suddenly that not a stitch of sail could be taken in. For a moment our gunnel was under water, of which we shipped about half a ton. There was no sea, properly speaking, to be seen, as the force of the wind decapitated the waves, carrying the spray horizontally in a low white cloud. The squall passed away almost as quickly as it had burst upon us, and the only remark our hardy helmsman made was (referring to the boat), "Begor, she got a drink."

Farewell, Aran of the saints, of the Flowers of the Duns, and of the Holy Places, which the great of old, whether churchman, chief, or king, so thirsted to claim as the scene of their resurrection.

MR. HILL'S CONFESSION.

THIS morning I had an inspiration. I fancy a whole batch of the Middle Temple fellows smiling at the statement; but nevertheless I had. It came with shaving—(curious coincidence!) and whilst I was endeavouring to induce the razor to describe a parabolic course around the great central mole on my chin. I am not unfrequently at the mercy of my own actions, which seem to work away, independently of control or authority, whilst the mind that is supposed to direct them is either absorbed in itself, or performing antics, goodness, and only goodness knows where. Thus, it is a matter of common occurrence that, when armed with a deadly weapon, I stand before the glass, at half-past seven, a.m., those eyes of mine will wander from the contemplation of their reflex, to various parts of the room, to the little mandarin on the mantel-piece, which they are shocked to discover has got a chipped nose, or to the black ink spot on my dressing-gown, anent which I must consult "*Enquire within*." This morning they happened to alight on an old hat-box, with a brass padlock and a sunken lid, a venerable box, which has been over half Europe and America, in diverse and wonderful capacities—now enshrining a glossy caroline, and anon charged to repletion with preserved soups and sandwiches. I suddenly laid down the razor, placed my elbows on the table, my chin in my hands, and set about composing the first of a series of "philosophical meditations on a hat-box." The subject and plan were new, and I had had just got through the preliminary outlines, when a sharp tick on my chin acquainted me with the fact that my hands had gone on shaving of themselves, and taken out a delicate morsel about the size of a musquito bite. To dress the wound with court plaster—to sit down opposite the box, and fall to reflecting anew, were quite natural—but to rise up with the deliberate intention of opening the box, and airing its contents, must have been the result of a positive inspiration. Lifting the brass hasp, the letters "J. H," on its inner side sent me off dreaming, amid the wrecks and monuments of the past, for the third time this morning. Poor "J. H." poor Jack Hill, as I bend above your hat-box, which is to me a cenotaph, consecrated to a crowd of bright memories, it is impossible to forget those happy, happy days, which we, prodigals of time and laughter, managed to squander between us—of the late mornings, when, I fear, we smoked too much and read too little—of the long nights when the studious lamp was reflected, not by tomes of learning, but by becatombs of cheesecakes, flanked by bastions of double stout. Gone and for ever they are, and with them, you too have passed away to the Ultima Thule of the best and wisest amongst us! I had got thus far in a reverie over the initials, when I deemed it prudent to lift the cover and see what was inside. A roll of paper and a faded bouquet! Ah, me! The very paper had rotted around the stems of the flowers, the manuscript had all the appearance of those one sees in an Editor's office, neatly folded up and marked for rejection. What exquisite significance!

It is highly necessary that I should state the circumstances under which I became the possessor of those musty treasures. Shortly after Jack Hill entered College, where he distinguished himself as the best bat and oarsman of the "set," he fell desperately in love with the only daughter of a retired timber-merchant, to whom his aunt gave him an introduction. The intimacy between the young people ripened into esteem; and when a man and woman, all extraordinary obstacles left out, learn to esteem mutually, the best course is, to call in the attorney, the milliner, and the confectioner, and arrange matters as satisfactorily as possible. Jack, indeed, loved her; and Maria Penley was understood to think Mr. Hill a love of a young man. "The love," when his passion was at its utmost height, was a great nuisance to me; for, when he threw himself on the lounge, and pipe in mouth, began to discourse of the perfections, the charms, the graces, the intelligence, the sweetness (where do men acquire this cant?) of Maria, there was nothing for it but to put one's head out of the window, and whistle jigs to the water-butt in the area. Where "the love" picked up the extraordinary similes and metaphors which embellished those evening conferences, I do not pretend to know. They were taken from all sources; and the more hyperbolic the more welcome to the preacher. This species of annoyance reached its culminating point one morning, when the enthusiast appeared at breakfast in a pair of gorgeous slippers, embroidered to such an extent that they reminded one of a flower-show run mad. Such fuschia borders! such lily-of-the-valley insteps! such love-lies-bleeding toe-points! were never before realised in Berlin wool and canvas. He had been at Maria's house the previous evening, and came home with those prodigies of needle-work in his coat pockets.

"Ugly," he exclaimed, addressing me (I certainly am anything but handsome, but Jack would be hyperbolic,) "you should have seen Maria last evening. Jove, sir, she has arms like boulders of moorstone, and lips like hot-house strawberries. There, growl away, 'till you're tired. I think she dances on the atmospheric railway system—you don't feel her move, sir, you don't. I have heard women laugh—for instance, Miss Keely was a fair-enough cackinaut, but Maria's little silvery cheep instantly reminds you of a whole orchestra of piccolos. You don't like tea, but you would, could you drink it out of Maria's Burmese evening service, when it tastes like a cataract of—of—let me see—aye, a cataract of *ban-bons*—a waterfall in which Bohea and Souchong scream and struggle for pre-eminence. Now, what are you thinking of?"

"Carlyle's description of Lamartine's twaddle—'the mal-odorous effervescence of *post-mortem* sentimentality.' Pity you haven't lost a daughter, and been to Jerusalem."

"O! spite. Do you know what? I could tell you something that would astonish you," and so saying, "the love" crossed his legs, and smiled approvingly on his slippers.

"Could you?" I asked. "Is it possible that you could tell anything else—even for a waiter?"

"Don't know—according to your estimate, I'm a second Sir James Maundeville, but I question its accuracy. Maria has confessed."

"Poor girl!"

"Is she?" he asked, placing both feet firmly on the carpet, and staring at me over his coffee-cup, as he held it within an inch of his lips. "Is she? Now, your worst shan't annoy me; for I am too elated this morning to be depressed by your malicious words, my ugly."

I said I appreciated his kindness, and was prepared for his most poignant compliments.

"You will always get on this way, you detestable old cynic, when a fellow strives to be happy," he continued. Then, suddenly dropping his voice to an *affettuoso*, he held out his hand and said, in a tone of seductive kindliness, "Won't you say even 'bravo'?"

I said, "bravo!" and smiled.

"There now," he cried, "you've become human at last, and you shall know everything. Aunt has come up to town, and absolutely proposed for me to the Penleys. Maria has accepted me, and matters will be brought to a consummation in a fortnight. To-night we shall have a little party, and a family conference afterwards. Of course, you'll come; that's a darling ugly!"

"Well, I can't do less than congratulate you," I said.

"Jove, old boy! if you were to see Maria at the piano you would be forced to give Liszt the cold shoulder for the rest of your life. Her fingers, sir, rush over the keys like so many antelopes—gorgeous antelopes. Did you have a song from her yet? At the first rise she exhausts the entire gamut. I had a look at one of her little boots yesterday—just as big as a himble, and so pretty!"

"Ah! come," I exclaimed, with honest indignation, rising and walking to the window, will you compel me to serenade the water-butt?"

He did not reply, but put on his hat and danced down stairs. We did not meet again until evening.

Maria Penley, when I saw her, was of that class of beauty which critical taste charitably sets down as "amiable." She would have been much out of place in a gallery of "toasts." Her head was good, but rather large for the trunk that supported it, and there was an ugly precipitancy in the sheerness with which her neck and throat buried themselves in her shoulders. It may be set down to my want of taste, but I could not discover in her any of those wonderful charms for which she had obtained credit at the hands of Mr. Jack. He evidently was anxious to know my estimate of his intended; and when I had taken her up to the piano, late in the evening, and Jack's aunt had relieved me of the function of leaf-turner, he slipped his arm through mine, and said, in his most insinuating way—

"You like her?"

"Miss Penley? She is very tolerable!"

How his face fell! how the glow of happy expectancy faded into a look of the blankest astonishment!

"Come," he whispered, "you joke. Now, is she not one to be proud of, seriously?"

"Of course, she is."

"Of course—I hate your courses, I do." These were the last words he ever said to me.

Whilst the lights flared, and the rooms steamed inside, outside the snow was falling thick and bitter. When the dancing was at its utmost height, I stole away. The last time I saw "the love," he carried a great bouquet at his breast, and was offering an ice to his intended, and must have been saying something very naughty, for she tapped his cheek with her fan, and shook her head, and closed her eyes as if in deprecation of a fine compliment. I never saw him again. When I got home I regretted that I had not used pleasanter words to Jack; but my regrets were quickly buried with myself in sleep, and ceased troubling me till the morning.

"He has not come," was the exclamation that burst from my lips on awaking, and searching the room in vain for a vestige of his presence. Nothing was upset, nothing was out of its place, (he had a rare horror of order,) and I was forced to conclude that the revellers had not yet given up, or that he had gone to the hotel. Ten o'clock struck; what could have happened him? I began to feel really uneasy on his account, and took up a book that I might read down the unpleasant speculations which insisted, in spite of all resistance, in annoying me. Eleven, twelve, and still no appearance. I did not leave home until three o'clock, hoping, against hope, that he would turn up—that I should hear his knock every moment. I inquired at Penley's when he had left, and was told that he and two friends had gone away before six; further, I was informed that Mrs. and Miss Penley had left town for a short visit to a dying relative at Clonlow. I returned home at seven; he was not before me, but on the table was the hat-box and a letter which ran thus:—

"Dear Pug,—I'm a ruined man. No more hope for me. I shall see you no more. I set out for the Red Sea (new Telegraph Company operations) to-night. The box I send contains the fatal secret. Do not open it till you have heard I'm dead, or shot, or given over. You were right about Maria—her conduct has been intolerable. No matter, etc. J. H."

For three years that box has lain carefully by me, and no inducement could make me open it. To me it has been as sacred as Shakespeare's tomb, and faithfully have I forborne from touching the relics interred within it. Since the melancholy evening on which it was entrusted to my care, there has been no account of my lost friend—nothing to indicate whether he is living or dead. I think, for this reason, I am perfectly justified in looking into his pious bequest. Who knows but it may furnish some clue to his disappearance? it will at least explain the cause of his sudden and most unaccountable flight. I take it, and read:—

"Clonlow, Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

"Since we parted last evening—would that I had gone with you,—a grave and irretrievable misfortune has befallen me. You know how I

loved Maria. Idolater as I am, I could not have believed until I saw her—until I knew her—that any created being could have inspired me with a passion so wild, so profound, so mystical, so inclusive. She was the controlling dream of my life. Alas, for human expectations! the vision has dissolved; and I, that sat proudly but yesterday in the temple of magnificent dreams, am prostrate to-day amid its ruins. You will smile, perhaps, at the enthusiasm of a grief which it is impossible that you can appreciate. How could you? Would that I could forge my heart into a steel pen, and roll out my brain to the size of a quarto; then, indeed, you might gain some faint conception of a sorrow which baffles miserable words to describe—which has left me desolate, wretched, and hopeless!

"Last evening—O, night of gloom and glory!—she appeared to me lovelier than ever. Your want of appreciation served but to exalt mine, for love, all-comprehensive, can change jests into flatteries, jibes into adorations. From the moment I met her on the threshold of the drawing-room, until the hour when we separated in a tempest of promises and tears, I knew but one sensation, that of the most exalted delight. Her voice was sweeter than ever, her step lighter than ever I had known it; whenever she turned, she shook a fresh grace from her figure; when she coughed,* it seemed as if the skies opened, and all the bells of heaven were ringing. Again I fancy I see you smile. Smile on, for I am one past all wounds, insensible to all injuries, crushed by one overwhelming calamity!

"Throughout the evening, whenever chance permitted us, we indulged in those sweet conferences which hearts indissolubly united can alone enjoy or invent. We spoke of the future, when our lives should glide parallel in delicious currents, wooed by sun and breeze, shaded by the best blessings of the world. Long, she said, before we had met, she had seen and loved me; and deplored the brutal conventionalities of society by which she was debarred from volunteering a confession of her heart, before we encountered one another through that greatest of all shams, a 'regular introduction.' What, I should like to be told, have people in love to do with 'regular introductions?' I tell you, society is built upon a vast basis of error and hypocrisy. I conjure you, my dear boy, to show that you are superior to its wretched canons by boldly declaring your views to the next woman you love, whether you know her or no. She may affect displeasure, but it is impossible she can feel it. 'Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.' It may happen, in the course of human events, that a narrow-minded relative may resist your advances, and even go so far as to cane your person by way of punishment. Let not this deter you. The martyrs of progress have had to bear their bruises. Remember Jemmer and Stephenson, and do not give way to irritation. 'Patience,' says Goethe, 'patience is genius.'

"Shortly before you left, Maria, ever amiable and sympathizing, begged I would fetch her an ice. I flew, on the wings of love, to obey her; and when I returned, with what, fancy you, did she present me? She gave

* Query—Laughed.

me her bouquet! In the supreme felicity of that moment, I would not have exchanged a single leaf of those precious hot-house blossoms for a lease of Arabia Felix. I took it, and folded it to my heart. I kissed it a thousand times; but words fail to express the emotions which thrilled me when, in answer to some elaborate compliment I dared to offer, Maria fondled me with her fan, and whispered, in her silveriest accents, 'Get out.' Can you perceive the intense condescension implied in that brief and pithy phrase, whose elegance is only equalled by its simplicity? It is as if Apollo, descending, harp in hand, from the spheres, were to take you into a corner and ask if you would like a tune from his cat-gut? 'Humility and excellence,' says the Indian proverb, 'are next-door neighbours.' Could there be a more beautiful illustration of this sublime aphorism than Maria's remonstrance? My boy, when the woman of your heart bids you 'get out' congratulate yourself that she loves you to distraction; it is not every one she will honour with that inclusive deprecation.

"Seven times we danced together. And here, as, unlike me, you have not abandoned the world, I may furnish you with a stratagem, priceless in worth. When you want to secure a lady six or seven times consecutively, implying that you have her consent secured, keep an aunt, or some other attractive female relative, at your elbow, and when a gentleman approaches your jewel to engage her for the next set, muster up a little polite audacity, bring forward your aunt, and assure him, in the sweetest voice you can muster, that *this* lady would be happy to oblige him. I have tried the plan several times with success. There are two stratagems also which may be tried with great effect on engagement cards, but, as they involve much description, you must try and discover them for yourself. We danced seven times. We were the two most admired objects, next to the Dresden china, in the room. To attempt to picture my happiness as, with bounding heart and feet, I conducted the gyrations of my sweet partner over and over the polished floors, would be vain, hopelessly vain. I lay down my pen for a moment—my emotions overpower me. The brightest part of the panorama is passing away—the blackest will soon appear.

"When four o'clock struck upon the revels we parted—parted (O terrible reflection!) never to meet again. Her lovely hand lingered in mine for minutes, whilst her averted head and heaving bosom betrayed the pangs the separation cost her. We tore ourselves asunder, and I descended the stairs. In the clear snow-light, there stood in the street two gentlemen whom you know, and met that evening. Reade and Wilson asked me if I was for home. I joined them, and we sauntered down the street together, they giving vent to their feelings in a 'Yop, yop, yop' chorus; I plunged in the unfathomable depth of mine. By-and-bye, the last glass of champagne took its effect, and I assisted my companions in the execution of that piece of healthy lung-exercise—'We won't go home till morning.' The effect on the silent streets at that solemn hour of the morning was stupendous, when, moreover, it was heightened by the addition of several 'hurrahs,' and the slapping of various knockers. Though my companions had evidently made up their minds to court the society of the stars until

daylight, I had firmly resolved to go home, and sleep off the effects of the evening's enjoyment. This wise determination would have been carried into effect, but for one unfortunate circumstance—I wasn't able! Gradually the voices of my friends became more and more confused, the gas-lamps seemed to lean considerably from the perpendicular, and every street, from the same causes, appeared to be built upon a hill which we were continually ascending without ever arriving at the top. In the midst of these depressing events, I lost sight of everything except the bouquet presented to me by Maria, which I held close to my bosom with the desperate tenacity with which drowning men are said to cling to straws. In the short flash of one lucid interval, I heard one of my companions say, 'Railway—first-class, glorious joke—come along—Hurrah.' I felt an arm slipped under mine, I saw the flags flying backward under my feet, and then, then—!

"A strong light blazed upon my eyes, and, with a feeling of intense alarm, I raised my head to see whence it came. Fancy my horror at finding that I was lying on the floor of a railway carriage, with Wilson, whilst Reade sat aloft, like the cherub who is supposed to take so lively an interest in the fate of poor Jack, talking to a porter who stood at the open door with a bull's-eye lantern in his hand. I gathered from the dialogue that we had found it impossible to gain admittance under any roof, and that, suffering from the cold night air, we had come up to the railway station, and were glad to find shelter in the carriage. To do him justice, the porter appeared to relish the joke amazingly, and with a request to the effect that we would not smoke, withdrew. We soon fell asleep. Better than an hour must have elapsed when I found myself almost strangled by night-mare. It seemed to me as if Pelion piled upon Ossa was deposited upon my chest, and that in a few minutes I should be suffocated under the pressure of the superincumbent masses. It was no use that I shook myself to restore the circulation, and banish the hideous phantom. Heavier and heavier it grew, slower and slower beat my heart—I could hear its spasmodic throbbings echoed back by the roof of the carriage. In the sublime agony of that awful moment I screamed—a peal of demoniac laughter was the response; and then a voice, which requested, in the name of a certain great power, to know what was the matter with me? Ah, then, for the first time, I slowly comprehended the awful gravity of the situation. Wilson feeling cold in his isolated seat on the cushions, had come down to sit upon Reade and me, for the purpose of warming himself. Perched cross-legs on our chests, he had lighted his pipe, and, to all appearance, felt exceedingly nice and comfortable. With a strong effort I threw him off, and, with the expression of a hope that the wearied might be suffered to rest, went once more to sleep. I have too much respect for your humanity to believe for a moment that you will peruse these details with a smile. I trust that I have succeeded in communicating them with proper decorum, and in a vehicle which unites the tender sensibility of George Sand, with the fullness and volume of Thiers. You know, from old experience of the peculiarity of my constitution, that I am a victim to night-mare, but to have a thorough conception of its horrors, one must have laboured in it for months and years.

Fuseli was an idiot to imagine that his idea of this malignant phantom approached anything like the terrible reality. Bah! 'tis 'as moonlight unto sunlight, or, 'as water unto wine.' Often, when steeped in its fearful horrors, have I imagined seeing Maria going down the Main-street conducting an ass, and with a milk-pail on her head—or meeting her at the assembly-rooms dispensing oranges at a halfpenny a head to the company. De Quincey did not realise what night-mare is, else his majestic visions would have acquired a deeper and more hellish hue. That last judgment of his, in my opinion, is nothing worse than whalebone and tarlatane. Only fancy a coronation march in the valley of Josephat!

"Clonlow, Clonlow, Clonlow." As the mysterious words were roared out at the top of a husky voice, I sprang to my feet, and was puzzled beyond the force of all conjecture to find the carriage moving with that compressed sound which tells that the breaks are down and the engine stopping. I lost no time in rousing my companions, who were as much alarmed as I, for the consequences of our position—I ventured to put my head out of the window and reconnoitre the station. At that moment the porter opened our door, and we descended to the platform. I had no overcoat, and there I stood in stained and crumpled evening dress, bulged hat, and dirty white gloves, the butt of the assembled crowd. Neither Wilson nor Reade were quite as badly off, but their faces and garments told eloquently of the night's dissipation. Every one seemed to regard us with astonishment, and even a few sorry jokes were hazarded by the wittlings of the place, at our expense. "Tickets, gentlemen," cried the taker, "Tickets, please."

"I have got none," I said. "We can pay."

"Yes, we can pay," said Wilson, trying to look cheerful, and accompanied by the ticket-taker we entered the office.

"Four-and-two pence, each gentlemen," said an individual sitting behind the ticket-battery.

"I plunged my hands into my pockets—they were empty. 'Wilson will you kindly settle for me?'"

"He looked at me. 'Why, my boy, I was prepared to ask you to do that for me.'"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Indeed. Ah! Reade will deliver us.' As he said this, Reade, who had been engaged in a *post mortem* examination of his pockets in a remote corner of the room, joined us. 'By some misfortune,' he said, 'I have no money with me. Let one or other of you settle my share till we get back.' Three white faces confronted one another at this horrible announcement.

"Don't keep me, gentlemen," the clerk cried, tugging Reade gently by the coat. 'Sure, if you haven't it, say so.'

"I confess I blushed like that very original parallel—a girl. 'My man,' I said, 'you are very right; and to be candid, we have it not. If you telegraph to _____, you will have the money down by the next train, with a *douceur* for your trouble.'

"‘Very well,’ the brute answered, ‘pay for the message, and I’ll send it.’

"‘We smiled bitterly. ‘Do your best,’ cried Reade, folding his arms and regarding the lad with a look of frozen dignity. ‘It argues very little for railway morality, that three unoffending gentlemen, temporarily embarrassed, should be pestered in this manner for a miserable twelve-and-sixpence.’

"‘The long and the short of it is, I suppose you won’t pay?’

"‘No.’

"‘Police!’

"The cry for the force went to my heart, and I suffered dreadfully from palpitation of that organ, when a constable, in red whiskers and moustache, invited us to step into the waiting-room and await the arrival of the next train, in which we should be sent back in custody to———. It was in vain we tried to amuse ourselves; a profound gloom settled on the three, and finally I went to sleep.

"The up-and-down trains stop simultaneously at Clonlow, to take in passengers, and pass each other by means of a switch. The railway, as you know, is a single track. Well, imagine, if you can, our horror when we were ordered to leave the room, in the frowsy, tumbled, full-dress of the previous night, and take our places in a third-class carriage. We were escorted across the platform by two policemen. Oh, ugly! dear, ugly! Who should be sitting in a first-class carriage, exactly in front of us—oh, misery! oh, woe!—but Maria and her mother! I offered to make my way to them, but the movement was sternly countermanded by the police, one of whom laid his hand on my collar and reminded me, in a loud voice, that I was his prisoner. I raised my eyes to the ladies, Mrs. Penley was black from shame and indignation at beholding the plight of her future son-in-law; Maria had dropped her veil, thus depriving me of the melancholy pleasure of analysing her feelings. In another moment, we three were shamefully and rudely huddled into a third-class, amid the laughs and jeers of the by-standers. I could have cried, but my brain was on fire; I could have screamed from anguish, but my throat was baked, and my tongue had lost all utterance. In this wretched state, a bit of paper folded down at the corner and written in pencil was handed me. Read it, my ugly, read it. ‘Mrs. and Miss Penley’s compliments to Mr. Hill, whom they invite to renounce their acquaintance!’ Sick at heart, I succeeded in opening the carriage door at the opposite side, ran down the embankment with the velocity of a boomerang, escaped into the fields, and earthed myself from the pursuit of the all-omnipotent police in a sally grove. There I lay concealed, knee-deep in mud and water for hours, until the day declined, and I then made my way back to Clonlow, under the friendly darkness of night. Here, old boy, I write you this little history, intending, when I get back to D——, to place it with Maria’s bouquet in my old hat-box. Should they ever reach you, preserve both for my sake—I dare not appeal to you in favour of her. I am broken-hearted; I am miserable; the world has

gone to ruin. Should you ever open this scroll, pity me, and drop a tear to the memory of one who, with the best intentions to adorn society, and elevate the status of womankind, retires from the struggle with a wounded soul and a disconsolate future."

I had got so far yesterday, nothing remaining to be read but a few private memoranda scrawled at the bottom of this confession; and when I had made up my mind that Jack was a great fool for going to the Red Sea, because a couple women saw him in the custody of the police, I returned the manuscript and flowers to the box, and locked it. Then, remembering that I had an appointment at two o'clock in the College Park, I put on my best bib and tucker, and was prepared to go out, when my servant came to say that a lady and gentleman were making inquiries for me below stairs. I desired her show them up, threw a newspaper over my pipes and pouches, and sat down to await my visitors. They were not long coming. Betsy threw the door wide open, and there they stood on the threshold. The lady was rather plump, but very good-looking—one of the sort to whom you might offer a second glass of wine before dessert. The gentleman was rather seedy-looking, I am afraid, and fetched with him that saline odour that one encounters in the neighbourhood of a cockle-shop.

"Mr. Baker?"

I bowed, and said I was; and when we three were seated, the gentleman looked hard at me, and the lady struggled as if to repress some overpowering emotion. "Whew! as sure as there's a ship in the Liffey, 'tis Jack Hill!" I sprang to my feet to embrace him, but suddenly recollecting myself, and seeing his little game, I fell back into my seat with a groan.

"You are unwell?" said the lady.

"Thank you; only a short spasm."

"May I ask, sir, if you knew a person named Thomas Hill?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes; I had a foolish friend of that name who went to the Red Sea!"

"H'm! Was he a fool, though! You wouldn't know him?"

"Ah! Come," I cried, "give me your hand; welcome home. But what induced you to run away as you did?"

"Then you never opened the hat-box—never read the manuscript—never?"

"Hush!" I replied. "Did you once know me to disregard the request of a deceased friend? There's your box, and secret also!"

He took the leathern relic on his lap, slapped the cover with his open hand, and, looking at the lady, murmured, "Maria! oh, Maria!"

"Maria!" I exclaimed, in alarm. "Surely this cannot be Maria?"

"But I am, Mr. Baker—your old friend, Maria Penley."

"And how did you manage it?" I asked.

"Why," replied Tom, "we were privately married two days after I saw you last; and Maria, like a brave little girl, came away with me to Suez, where we've been living on fish and overland preserved meats ever since."

"God bless me! what a queer pair you have been, never to write to a soul!"

"Ah!" interrupted Tom, "that was part of our plan. Make people believe you're dead and they'll forgive you anything. If you were only witness to the reception we had from the old people! 'Bless you—bless you, my children!' And now, hear, dear ugly; if you take a knife and fork from Maria, why, you shall have the whole secret ripped out of the hat-box at dinner. You shall laugh to hear it."

I laughed, and went.

DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.*

MORTALITY lessened amongst the humbler classes, life is lengthened amongst the wealthier. This is a reasonable hygeian axiom, however paradoxical it may seem; but perhaps the proof of its correctness is best obtained amongst the residents of large cities. In the history of those terrible epidemics—from the Black Death down to Asiatic Cholera—which have devastated the towns of nations, it is invariably found that the first light of the fatal visitation was discerned in the dwellings of the poor. Amongst them first always has arisen the terrible symptoms foreboding death, and amongst them the first victims have been ever claimed. The period of invasion, however, was the only one which gave to them an unfortunate prominence; the period of continuance has seen no safety afforded by rank, by wealth, or advantages. Death has claimed them also, and marked his victims alike. He has stricken all equally with an inexorable doom.

The progress of sanitary science has cleared up much of the mystery that shows itself at the first blush in such phenomena. The poor of great cities and of towns are found to be miserably housed in rooms, in cellars, in garrets, where pure air is not supplied in abundance sufficient for their use. The streets where their residences are usually found to be narrow, close, and sapped with the illest savours imaginable to mortality. The rents of their abodes are high in comparison with their accommodation; and, to lighten the burden of the exaction on his means in this way, many an humble labourer shares his wretched room with one or more of his class. Thus, ill supplied with drainage and with water, that most necessary element for cleanliness—as their houses are—situate in the midst of bad air—that air, deficient as it is in health-giving elements outside, becomes much more sadly vitiated within the apartments of the poor. The smouldering embers of disease are always preserved in the humbler quarters of our towns, ready to break out in wrath upon the least incitement. The metropolis of Ireland is not preserved from this source of malady. Unfortunately, it is but too well supplied with its details. In the

* HOMES FOR THE WORKING POOR, by Nugent Robinson. *Transactions of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, 1862.

lanes and back streets of the city there are carefully husbanded up in our midst the germs of fatal visitations, ready to burst forth in maturity at any occasion which may vivify them. Even as it is, from time to time the angel of death emerges from one of the squalid dwellings, which are his constant resort, and goes forth to claim his victim, and to enter at the gate of some gorgeous residence, where wealth and ease abide. The terrible typhus fever never ceases amid some of the habitations of misery with which our metropolis abounds. Its hand is always busy garnering the sheaves of death amidst the poor, but, then, how often does it follow the footsteps of the rich to their home upon the morning breeze?

In London, however, there is a great testimony to the value of the principle in the efforts of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes." This association was founded for the erection of model lodging buildings—the renovation of old and ill-arranged houses in the worst localities, and the cleansing and ventilation of whole streets and alleys. Recognising the great principle of the necessity of healthful dwellings for the poor, it began with the proposal, that the full value of his house should be paid by the tenant, but that he should have a salubrious and commodious dwelling, instead of one in which cleanliness and comfort can have no place—in which he can neither maintain his own strength, nor bring up his family in health, but must constantly spend a large portion of his hard-earned money in relief of sickness. The undertakers of this project started, with the intention of getting a fair interest upon the capital employed, and set it in shares of one pound each, but they made it a fixed rule that the dividend should not exceed five per cent., and that each shareholder was limited to the liability of his own subscription, and no more. They proceeded vigorously to work. They took three lodging-houses in the worst part of London—Charles-street, Drury-lane. They had those wretched buildings removed, and raised in their stead a single house on the most approved plan, well drained, well ventilated, and fitted up with all the appurtenances of humble comfort. They purchased another freehold in George-street, Bloomsbury, and there raised another of those structures. So they proceeded, extending their operations, until they accommodated several thousand persons of the humbler working classes with comfortable and healthy houses. But, perhaps, one of their most extensive undertakings is their model dwellings, situate in Portpool-lane, Gray's-inn-lane, where residence is provided for twenty families and one hundred and twenty-eight single women. The report of the society gives an account so interesting of this establishment that we adopt it here :

"The twenty families occupy two distinct buildings of four stories in height—one building having three tenements, with three rooms each on a floor—the other having two tenements, with two rooms each on a floor—a scullery, and other requisite conveniences being provided separately for each family, whilst to both houses there is an open staircase, and to the larger one a gallery of communication, by which means complete ventilation is secured. In their arrangement, it was the aim of Mr. Henry Roberts, the honorary architect, to show how the disadvantages of an enclosed common staircase may, in a great measure, be obviated; and to offer two models of houses, one adapted to

the accommodation of two, and the other of three families on a floor. The one hundred and twenty-eight single women, many of whom are presumed to be poor needlewomen, occupy sixty four rooms, in a building of four stories, divided by a central staircase; a corridor on either side forms a lobby to eight rooms, each 12ft. 6in. long, by 9ft. 6in. wide, sufficiently large for two persons. They are fitted up with two iron bedsteads, a table, chairs, and a washing stand. The charge is one shilling per week for each person, or two shillings per room. This building is intended to meet the peculiar and difficult circumstances of a class of persons on whose behalf much public sympathy has been justly excited, and for whom no suitable provision had hitherto been made by the society. The wash-house, 60ft. long, by 20ft. broad (formerly a brew-house) contains washing-troughs for thirty-four persons, and ironing-tables for twelve persons; three wringing-machines and thirty-four drying-horses, heated by hot air? The arrangements for this establishment are made with a view to avoid confusion by keeping the various processes as distinct as possible. So numerous are the applications for sharing in the benefit of this accommodation that it is shortly intended to make arrangements for increasing it. With this exception of the wash-house-roof, the buildings are of *fire-proof* construction."

Besides this society there is another pursuing the same view, and known as the "Society for improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes." Both those associations have succeeded largely in their objects, and their outlay has resulted in more than the anticipated profit. Then, there is the "Strand Buildings Company," specially incorporated for the purpose of erecting improved buildings in Eagle-court, Strand, one of those hot-beds of vice and misery, reeking with disease, that abound in London. Here the success has been very gratifying, the health of the locality being vastly improved. Miss Burdett Coutts, too, has given a square of model lodging-houses to the public, built at Bethnal Green, and called Columbia-square. This block of buildings contains 183 sets of rooms, and the apartments are let at the ordinary rate of the most wretched dwelling. But, perhaps, there is nothing so remarkable of the philanthropy and advantage of this work as the munificent donation of £150,000, by Mr. George Peabody, for the purpose of being wholly or partially applied to the construction of dwellings for the poor, such as may combine, in the utmost possible degree, the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy. This is a noble purpose indeed!

Our city has no such association as those to which we have alluded. Yet, heaven knows how much their exertions are required in it. Much inquiry has taken place into the condition of the dwellings of our poor, and many revelations very sad and afflicting have been made as to their manner of existence. An earnest labourer in this field is Mr. Nugent Robinson, to whose paper read before the Social Science Congress last year, and his pamphlet (quoted at the first page of our observations) we are indebted for a great deal of the facts we place before our readers. Mr. Guinness and Mr. Vance have attempted something in the way of improvement; but the efforts of individuals are not enough. They should be seconded by all who have means and feel an interest, not only in the welfare of their fellow-creature, but also in their own.

E. N. Col.

